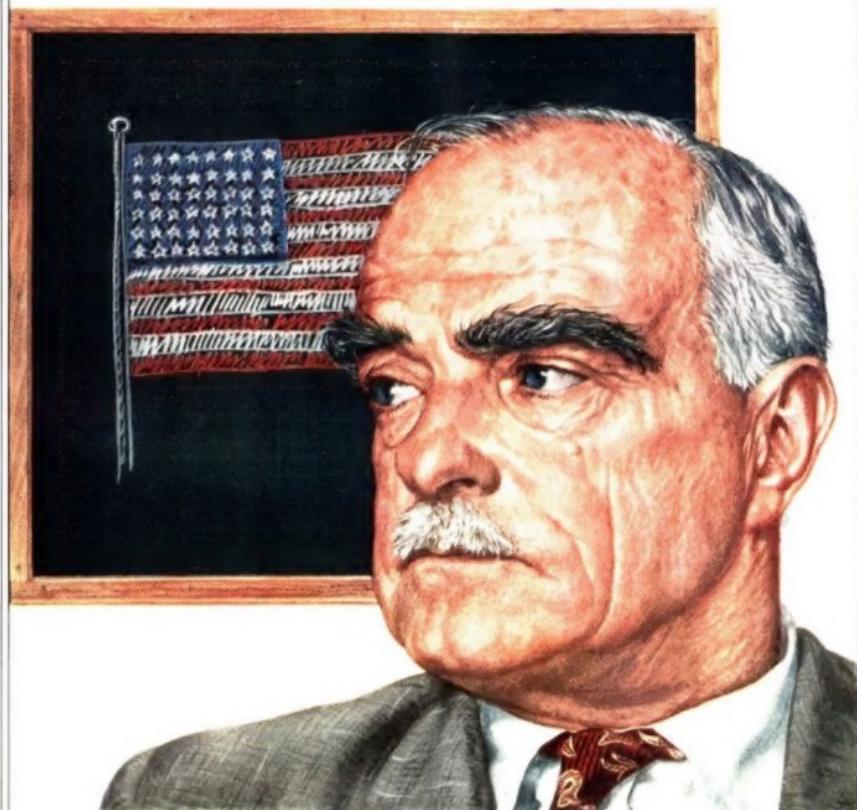


JULY 12, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

THORNTON WILDER

"The American is the first planetary mind."



The Plymouth Belvedere, shown at the Challenger Inn, Sun Valley, Idaho

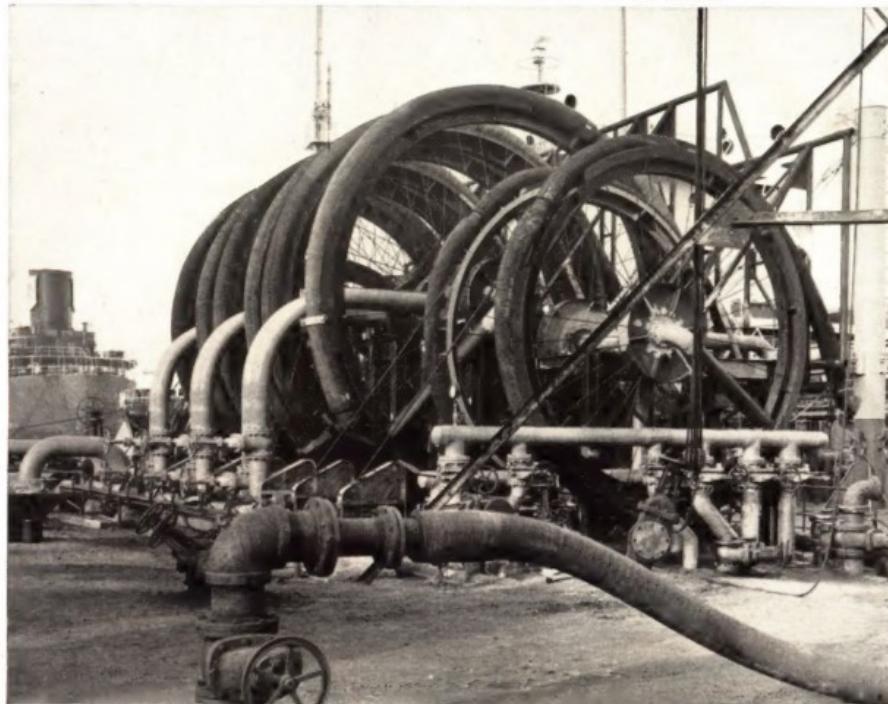
It seems the sun always shines on those who drive Plymouths. For when a car looks right, rides right and serves you faithfully through the miles, you can't help but take great pleasure from owning it. Because there's more quality built into a Plymouth, you are sure to get more lasting value out of it.

PLYMOUTH

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Rubber straw gulps five-million-gallon drink

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

IT costs about \$3000 a day to operate an ocean-going oil tanker, so every minute saved in port is important. Those things that look like giant bicycle tires save not minutes but hours, and hundreds of dollars every time a tanker docks. They're big lengths of suction hose—turn a wheel and the proper size hose dips to the tanker; pumps start the suction; 5 million gallons are unloaded in 15 hours.

Fine, except that hose on jobs like this used to choke to death at an early age. Oil makes rubber swell. And as the swelling gradually closed the rub-

ber throat, the flow of oil was reduced, unloading took hours longer while the costly tanker waited.

That was the story until a few years ago. Then B. F. Goodrich engineers perfected a special rubber for hose linings that's oil resisting, and so won't swell. To make the hose strong enough to hold the pressures needed to drive oil at high speeds, they imbedded spirals of steel wire in the hose body.

Today, the improved B. F. Goodrich hose is at work at scores of docks, speeding the delivery of oil and gas, and so cutting their cost.

B. F. Goodrich's experience in rubber engineering has benefited thousands of B. F. Goodrich customers. Often, as in this case, BFG already has the answer when a problem comes up in any field, so no time or money is lost. Research never stops at B. F. Goodrich. To get its latest advantages in any rubber products you use, all you have to do is see your BFG distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



RIPLEY'S

HUMAN CENTRIFUGE THROWS NEW LIGHT ON PILOT BLACKOUTS!

FLYERS SOMETIMES LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS IN HIGH-SPEED TURNS AND DIVES. THE NAVAL AIR DEVELOPMENT CENTER IS USING THE HUMAN CENTRIFUGE TO LEARN HOW TO OVERCOME THIS HAZARD. IN IT, PILOTS ARE WHIRLED WITH TWISTS AND TURNS THAT DUPLICATE FLIGHT CONDITIONS. TO CONTROL THESE MANEUVERS, HIGHLY SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS MUST BE LINKED TO THE MOTORS. NORFLEX COUPLINGS FROM B-W'S MORSE CHAIN MAKE THIS POSSIBLE. THEY ARE SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO ABSORB VIBRATION . . . A VITAL FACTOR IN SAFEGUARDING THE ACCURACY OF THE INSTRUMENTS.



NEW SPEED-DEFROSTER NEVER RAISES FOOD TEMPERATURES!

IN THE NEW B-W NORGE REFRIGERATOR FROST IS THAWED FROM THE INSIDE OUT - NOT FROM THE OUTSIDE IN. EVERY NIGHT THE NEW SPEED-DEFROSTER ACTS AUTOMATICALLY. AN UNSEEN RADIANT TUBE MELTS FROST SO QUICKLY THAT FOOD TEMPERATURES ARE NOT CHANGED. EVEN PACKAGED ICE CREAM STAYS FIRM -- WON'T SOFTEN.

THE MAN WHO PAID AMERICA'S DEBT OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET!

AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, AMERICA OWED FRANCE OVER \$2,000,000. SCOTTISH-BORN JAMES SWAN STEPPED FORWARD AND PAID THE ENTIRE DEBT. EVERYONE CAN MAKE A CONTRIBUTION OF THIS SORT, BUT EVERY PATRIOTIC AMERICAN CAN BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS -- AND BE WELL PAID FOR DOING IT. THIS WAY, YOUR MONEY WORKS FOR YOUR COUNTRY -- AND FOR YOU.

185 PRODUCTS
IN ALL ARE MADE BY

BORG-WARNER

Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING
B-W
PRODUCTION

PUTTING A NEW BITE INTO TREE TOPPLERS' TEETH... HELPING SCIENTISTS WHIRL OUT ANSWERS TO PILOT PROBLEMS... DELIVERING POWER IN TRUCKS THAT DO BIG TRICKS!

IN SO MANY WAYS B-W SKILL AND INGENUITY TOUCH THE LIFE OF ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY.

FOR EXAMPLE, 19 OUT OF THE 20 AIRPLANE PROPULSIONS CONTAIN BORG-WARNER OVERDRIVE. EVEN THE FIGHTING PLANE AND MANY SHIPS AFLOAT HAVE ABOARD VITAL B-W EQUIPMENT. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS SPEED FOOD PRODUCTION WITH B-W ELECTRIC MACHINES. AND MILLIONS ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE AND ADVANTAGES OF B-W HOME EQUIPMENT—AND APPLIANCES.



MOUNTAIN TUNNEL DELIVERED BY TRUCK!

THE 2.3-FOOT WIDE WATER TUNNEL AT LAMAR, COLORADO, ACTUALLY WAS BUILT 8 MILES AWAY! A SPECIAL TRUCK HAULED THE 40-FOOT STEEL SECTION AND PLACED IT IN POSITION INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN. THE TREMENDOUS POWER NEEDED BY THIS REMARKABLE VEHICLE IN ORDER TO MANEUVER, ITS 35-TON LOAD UP GRAVELLED DIRT, WAS DELIVERED THROUGH A SLIP-FREE, HEAVY-DUTY CLUTCH MADE BY B-W'S LONG MANUFACTURING.



A CAR CAN CRUISE WITH 30% LESS EFFORT WHEN IT HAS B-W OVERDRIVE. THIS FAMOUS TRANSMISSION AUTOMATICALLY REDUCES ENGINE REVOLUTIONS... LETS IT DO THE WORK OF 10. YOUR ENGINE LASTS LONGER... DRIVES BETTER... IT'S GOT A LONGER LIFE, GREATER GAS MILEAGE. YOU GET A QUIETER, SMOOTHER RIDE. OVERDRIVE IS MADE FOR 10 MAKES OF NEW CARS BY B-W'S WARNER GEAR.

MAKING EVERY LUMBERJACK A PAUL BUNYAN!

CUTTING DOWN A GIANT FIR EIGHT FEET THICK USED TO TAKE 2 MEN ALMOST 2 DAYS. TODAY IT TAKES THEM LESS THAN 2 HOURS!* WITH PORTABLE, POWER-DRIVEN CHAIN SAWS, EQUIPPED WITH THE NEWEST-TYPE SAW TEETH, THEY WOULD AMAZE EVEN PAUL BUNYAN, LEGEND'S GREATEST LUMBERJACK. THESE SAW TEETH HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED BY B-W'S ATKINS SAW. THEY ARE DESIGNED TO GIVE SMOOTH CUTTING, LESS VIBRATION AND EASIER HANDLING.*



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N° 5
BOIS DES ILES
GARDENIA
RUSSIA LEATHER
N° 22

CHANEL

LETTERS

The Kinsey Report

Sir:

In your Dec. 15 Personality sketch of Dr. Alfred Kinsey, you say: "Kinsey traveled 80,000 miles collecting gall wasps, and he measured, catalogued and preserved 3,500,000 specimens to demonstrate their individual variations."

Assuming that it would require at least ten minutes to catch, make 28 measurements, and catalogue a single gall wasp, I calculate it would require Dr. Kinsey approximately 13½ years to complete the job on the basis of a 12-hour day. This allows no days off, no time for lunch, and no time to save the stings (assuming gall-wasp sting). Furthermore, if 3,500,000 gall wasps are so stupid as to fall into the hands of a man like Dr. Kinsey—well, they just don't deserve to have any secrets left . . .

ROBERT E. SWANEY

Toledo, Ohio

¶ Dr. Kinsey's study of the secret life of the gall wasp (they don't sting) took some 25 years. He had help from a research staff of graduate students, other scientists and, occasionally, his own family.—Ed.

"One Must Be So Careful These Days"

Sir:

With characteristic dogmatism (one can hear the empty church re-echoing), TIME Dec. 22 announced that T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* is "the only major poem the 20th century has produced . . ." I doubt if Mr. Eliot, who is a Christian and practices a certain humility, would concur in the dizzy valuation placed on his poem. He certainly would not abuse the work of Yeats, Stevens, Rilke and others equally significant, with the term minor poetry . . .

HARVEY GROSS

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

. . . With one stroke of his would-be Olympian pen, your reviewer ruled out the best of Hardy, Frost, Yeats, Auden, Millay, E. A. Robinson and many others writing in many languages . . .

LYNN SURLES

Milwaukee

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

. . . I virtually reeled with esthetic shock when I came upon your statement . . . Such vigorous works as Robinson Jeffers' *Roan Stallion* and *Tamar*, or Conrad Aiken's *Punk*; *The Immortal Liar*, make Eliot's poetic vintage seem about as heady as a watered-down glass of school-picnic cider.

DENNY LARKE

Detroit

Female of the Species

Sir:

Mr. Ben Fairless' explanation of why a blast furnace is always known as a lady [TIME, Dec. 22]: blast furnaces, engines, planes and almost all complicated mechanisms are referred to as "she" for two additional reasons—it takes more than one man to manage them, and those who get to know them come to love them.

W. ROBERT HOLMES

Wheaton, Ill.

Quizzing Junior

Sir:

It is fairly easy to understand why the pupils in our schools are lagging in writing [TIME, Dec. 22]. One reason is the lack of necessity to write. Every year hundreds of tests and examinations are given in the "True or False" method. The pupil is given a paper with which the questions are printed with a space after each question marked "True or False?" . . . All that is required of the pupil is to put a check mark in one or the other of open spaces! . . . In the old days, at least we profited to a certain extent in learning to express ourselves in writing . . .

GLADYS BROOKS

Marshall, Mich.

A Legion for Korea

Sir:

There have been many plans suggested to end the war in Korea . . . My plan would entail the formation of a Foreign Legion comprised of Japanese men from the ages of 19 to 25 years. This age limit would be necessitated to eliminate any men who might have fought against the Allies in World War II. The strength of this force would be 150,000 men. Enlistment would naturally be

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voluntary, with the stipulation that after five years of service, these men would be mustered out, allowing a given percentage to come to the U.S. and become citizens. Others could settle in other member nations of the U.N. or in South Pacific islands of comparatively small population. Of course, to direct this army, U.S. officers would have to be employed with the aid of Japanese non-coms. This army could be injected into trouble spots that may arise throughout the world, but at present, the ending of the Korean war would be their main objective . . .

JAMES P. O'BRIEN
Milwaukee

Incapacitated, etc.

Sir:
Re "Yankee Renaissance"—TIME, Dec. 8: Nothing so upsets a technical man as abuse of the fundamental parts of his trade by the press. At the risk of seeming supercilious, and at the risk that somebody had suddenly redefined one of the three basic parts of all electrical circuits, I protest your use of the word "capacitors" [instead of "capacitors"] . . . This is a small matter (like the dead fly in your bowl of soup some time), but I can't let it go by . . .

D. F. ALEXANDER
Dayton

Sir:
Can it be that my TV set will not function because the "capacitors" are incapacitated? ALBERT J. SCHMIDT
Whiting, Ind.

Sir:
TIME's editor must have nodded. ESTILL I. GREEN
Short Hills, N.J.
¶ A researchitator was also dozing.—Ed.

The Legion & Hollywood

Sir:
A word should be said about Walter Kerr's analysis of the Legion of Decency [TIME, Dec. 22]. Because Mr. Kerr failed to keep one very important factor in mind, his otherwise thoughtful criticism of the Legion was not to the point. Whatever may be the artistic similarities of books, stage productions and motion pictures, they have entirely different distribution problems. The picture industry has successfully secured almost every possible outlet for films. This includes Saturday matinees, neighborhood theaters, double bills, family shows, foreign markets and audiences with various degrees of maturity. A product destined by company policy for almost indiscriminate booking has broader social obligations than a book or play prepared for a limited group.

(THE REV.) JOHN T. FOUDY
Assistant Superintendent of
Catholic Schools

San Francisco

Back in Fashion

Sir:
Concerning the story about the lady who asked how many times a year they pel the mink [TIME, Dec. 29]. For gosh sakes, how naive can you get? Surely 25 years ago I heard it. The rancher's reply then was: "Just once a year, lady. We used to skin 'em more often, but it makes 'em awful nervous."

CHAPMAN F. GOODWIN

Bristol, Va.

¶ A storehouse for electric energy which will block the flow of direct current while offering less resistance to the passage of alternating current.

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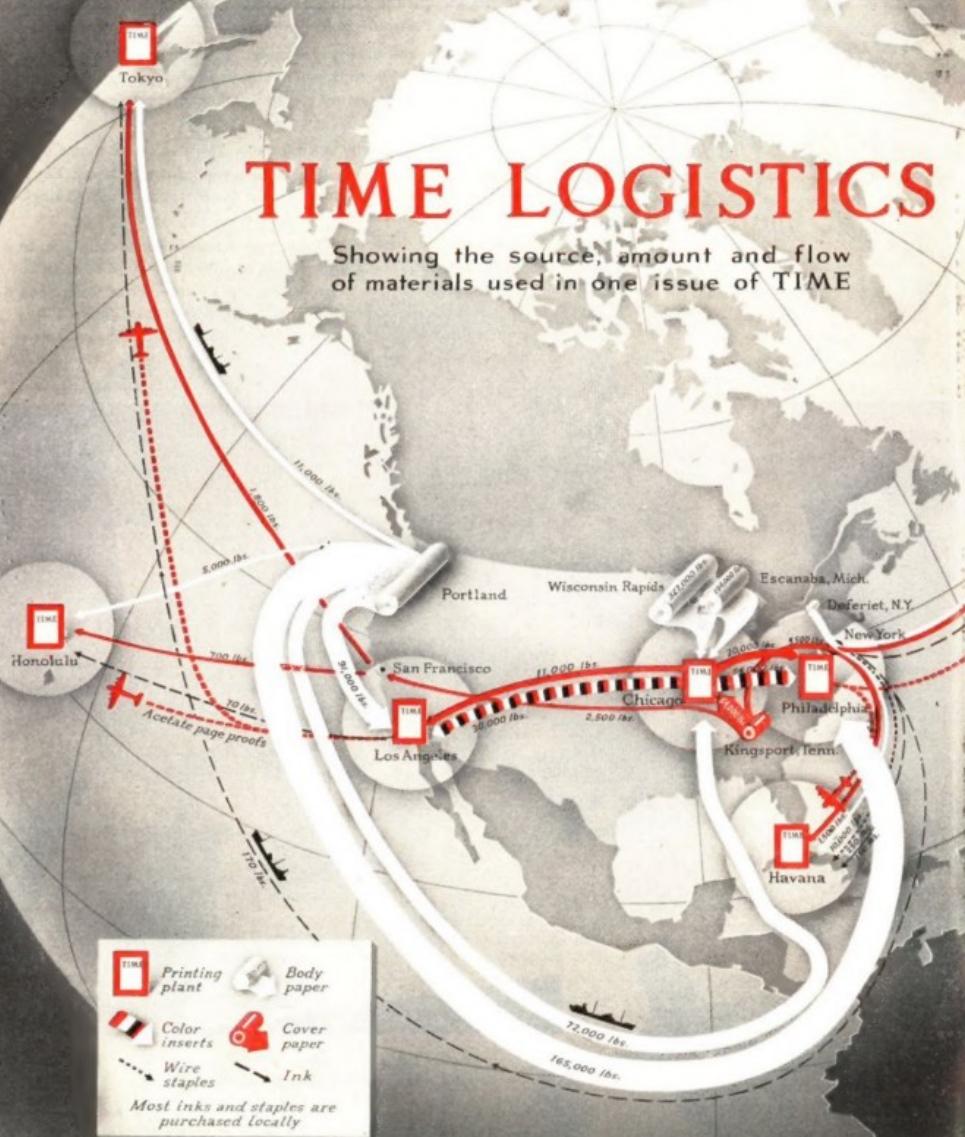
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TIME LOGISTICS

Showing the source, amount and flow of materials used in one issue of TIME



A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

While most of the news in this issue of TIME was gathered, selected, written and edited in the span of a single week, production of the magazine required planning, preparation and procurement of materials for many months beforehand. Each of TIME's seven printing plants around the world (as shown on the accompanying map) must be assured an adequate supply of the paper, ink, metals, chemicals and various other materials which are used and reused in the process of printing TIME 52 times a year. Each plant must keep enough supplies on hand to carry it through a number of issues, and much of the paper now en route will not be used for three months.

Critic Lewis Mumford's observation that we are living in a "paper civilization" is no news to TIME's production people. An average issue of TIME uses 485 tons of paper, made from Canadian spruce, western hemlock and Lake States poplar. But TIME's paper suppliers are all engaged in replenishing as well as using their valuable natural resources. All the companies from which TIME buys paper—Mead Corp., Consolidated Water Power and Paper Co., Crown Zellerbach Corp. and St. Regis Paper Co.—are actively engaged in conservation and reforestation programs, planting millions of seedlings each year by modern methods which range from the use of mechanical seeders to spreading seeds from planes and helicopters.^①

In addition to the ship, air, rail and truck routes the map shows for the materials needed for each issue, some paper is hauled by barge. TIME paper is transported down the Willamette River to Portland, transferred to an ocean-going steamer that moves through the Panama Canal, and final-

ly hauled by barge up the Mississippi River to Chicago. TIME Inc. also owns a barge which carries paper from Bucksport, Me., for use in its other publications. This barge travels across inland waterways and up the Great Lakes to Chicago during the summer months, and coastwise to Philadelphia when the lakes are ice-locked during the winter.

TIME is now trying to develop overseas sources of paper for the international editions in the countries where the magazine is printed, but few mills outside the U.S. are equipped to manufacture large quantities of paper with a coated surface. Most printing plants, however, purchase their ink locally, and only a relatively small amount is shipped from the U.S.

In the U.S., TIME's four-color printing (including covers) is done in Chicago, and the printed sheets are then shipped to the other plants in Los Angeles and Philadelphia. The editorial matter is transmitted directly from TIME's editorial offices in New York City to the U.S. printing plants by teletypesetting machines. Overseas plants get acetate page proofs or photographic negatives of each page, sped by air.

Before TIME started printing in Philadelphia (in 1940) and in Los Angeles (in 1944), the magazine operated on a four-day spread, completing all editorial operations on Monday night and coming out on the news-stands the following Friday morning. Now TIME goes on sale on the third morning after its editorial closing.

As TIME's original prospectus said: "TIME is interested, not in how much it includes between its covers, but in how much it gets off its pages into the minds of its readers." And TIME is still interested, not in how much ink it puts on paper, but in rendering the same service to a paper civilization.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

^① Planting and natural growth must replace not only the timber cut down for use, but that destroyed by fire, insects and disease as well. In the South, for instance, fires destroyed 13,695,417 acres of forestland in 1950, an amount approximately equal to that cut for pulp and paper during the year.

WHY A
"HALF"
SHAMPOO
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"TWICE"
AS LOVELY



*—at the Procter & Gamble beauty shop, better shampoos are discovered
by washing half a head at a time*

One way your wife can measure the sparkle and shine a shampoo puts in her hair is to check the way it lights up your eyes.

Here at Procter & Gamble we have other ways of testing new improvements in shampoos. More scientific, if not so much fun.

One place we do this is in our own Experimental Beauty Shop, where everything is just like downtown except for the magazines.

Here are expert hairdressers and "Customers" by the hundreds—willing volunteers who naturally enough love to have their hair washed . . . especially when it's free.

The only catch is, we give them what we call a "split shampoo"—one kind of shampoo on one side of the head, another preparation on the other. Then both sides are measured with a "Lustrometer," a

photoelectric device which registers the amount of light reflected from the hair (a sort of pre-husband test, you might say).

Tests like these help our scientists keep right on improving shampoos like Drene and Prell and Shasta. (Even though they please your wife just as they are.)

Any extra gleam we can put in her hair means progress for us. Because the only way we know to keep your wife as a customer is to wash her hair better than our competitors do.

That's why we leave no hair unturned.



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Progress Through Constantly Trying To Please

TIME

图例：1-10号航段；2-本报告所用航段

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第二部分

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CHUCK STEVENSON — Scored more points than any other race driver in 1952, thereby winning the National Championship. Won the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, race on August 28 and the Labor Day race at DuQuoin, Ill.



TROY RUTMAN — Set a new track record of 128.922 miles an hour in winning the 500-mile Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30. He was also the winner of the Independence Day race run on July 4 at Raleigh, N. C.



GEORGE HAMMOND — On Labor Day he swept to victory in the thrilling and dangerous Pike's Peak Climb, where a slip or a skid could mean death or serious injury, against a field of fast, experienced drivers.



JOHNNIE PARSONS — Won the last race of the year, held at Phoenix, Arizona, on November 11. Came in tenth in the Indianapolis Race. In 1950, he won the Indianapolis Race. In 1949, he was National Champion.



JACK MCGRATH — Came in first and set a new 100-mile record for the track at Syracuse, New York, on September 6. Out of a field of 33 starters, he finished in eleventh place in the Indianapolis Sweepstakes.



BILL VUKOVICH — Took first place in the August 30 race at Detroit, Michigan, and was first across the finish line in the September 28 race at Denver, Colorado. Drove fastest lap in Indianapolis race, 135.135 mph.



MIKE NAZARUK — Flashed across the finish line first in the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, race on June 8, setting a new 100-mile record for that track. Ran in many national championship big car and sprint car races in 1952.



BILL SCHINDLER — Drove to victory at Springfield, Illinois, on August 16, setting a new 100-mile record for that track. Was one of only 14 drivers who finished the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.

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of CHAMPIONS

Championship Race in 1952

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BOBBY BALL — On November 22, he won the race at San Jose, California. During 1952, he drove in many national championship big car and midget car races, including the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.



on the Highway

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Just a moment, girls!

Pretty soon telephone operators will take over here . . . but not until these men finish what they're doing.

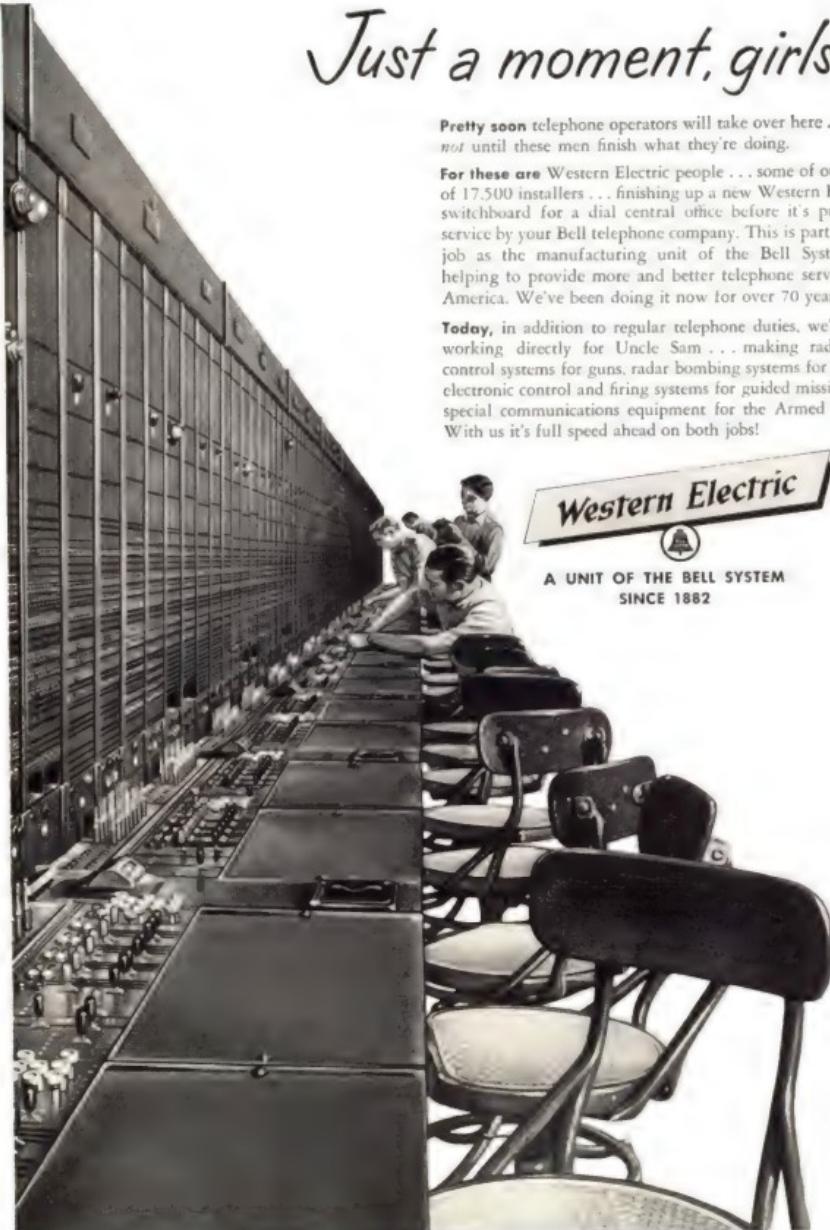
For these are Western Electric people . . . some of our staff of 17,500 installers . . . finishing up a new Western Electric switchboard for a dial central office before it's put into service by your Bell telephone company. This is part of our job as the manufacturing unit of the Bell System . . . helping to provide more and better telephone service for America. We've been doing it now for over 70 years.

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Western Electric



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SINCE 1882



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

On with the Buzz-Buzz

Through long years of New Deal decrees, World War II emergencies, and Harry Truman's impulses, Washington had become the city of the unexpected. Last week Washington was just a city of routine. The typewriters clicked in steady rhythm from 8:45 to 4:45 (with time out for morning coffee and lunch); the long, black limousines nosed up to the State Department for diplomatic visits, the newspapers and press associations kept a corporal's guard on duty at the White House, and the tourists trekked from the Washington Monument to the Smithsonian and down the Mall to the Capitol. Yet beneath the routine, Washington was like Main Street—listening for the first drumbeats of the big parade.

It was a time when the most ordinary variations of sound rang out like cymbals. Along Pennsylvania Avenue the hammers beat together a cubistic forest of grandstands for the inauguration. A friend spotted Mrs. Dean Acheson—who is accustomed to a solidly booked social calendar—wandering into a movie. Dean Acheson showed up at a congressional hearing relatively unbriefed and unconcerned. Harry Truman earnestly asked Congress to make tax-free the expense accounts of the new President (saving Ike \$10,000), Vice President (saving: \$8,600) and Speaker of the House (saving: \$3,600)—and urged Congress to hurry, because a President's salary can't be changed while he is in office. And a minor official got the Department of Agriculture into the news by ruling that holes in Grade A Swiss cheese may now be only 3 in. in diameter instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (so that cheese-makers won't have to keep cheese in storage so long in order to get larger holes).

The most distracting sounds were the bugles from the direction the parade was supposed to come from. On Capitol Hill, the G.O.P. 83rd Congress organized like a disciplined advance guard, in amazing harmony. From a hotel suite in Manhattan, Citizen Eisenhower was making decisions which would ultimately chart the course for Washington and the nation.

All in all, it was an unnerving week for the city by the Potomac. There was just nothing left to do but go on with the droning buzz-buzz. But, as everybody well knew, there wasn't a conversation in town that wouldn't be broken off when the big parade rolled by.

THE CONGRESS

The Prelude of the 83rd

As the new U.S. Senate tuned up last week, the old wit on the rostrum seemed to be stealing the show. Alben Barkley swore in the new and re-elected members with chuckles and flourishes, and caustic one & all: "Be sure and sign the payroll." When the only woman Senator, Maine's Republican Margaret Chase Smith, appeared with her new colleague,

years) among Republican Senators, California's middle-of-the-road William Fife Knowland succeeded Taft as chairman of the Republican Policy Committee. When Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall indicated that he wanted to continue as assistant floor leader (whip), Taft got Michigan's Homer Ferguson to stop eying the post, and Saltonstall, an early Eisenhower supporter, stepped in as Taft's assistant. Bob Taft quickly shut off the only threat of an opening-day battle. Nineteen



United Press

EX-SPEAKER RAYBURN & SPEAKER MARTIN
Across the aisle, a notable note of harmony.

former Governor Frederick G. Payne, Alben Barkley sweepingly kissed her hand as the galleries cheered. The old (75) Veep was having a fine time.

Man in a Cutaway. It was soon apparent, however, that retiring Vice President Barkley was not really running anything. The man in charge was the tall Senator in the black cutaway standing front & center at the majority leader's desk. Ohio's Senator Robert Alphonso Taft had been elected majority leader unanimously at the Republican caucus. The only man who had once seemed a more likely prospect than Taft, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, became president pro tempore, a mostly honorary post which he could claim by virtue of his top seniority (16

Senators, including four Republicans, had joined in an attempt to adopt an effective anti-filibuster rule. But neither Taft nor any other G.O.P. leader wanted to open the Republican 83rd Congress with a fight. On Taft's motion, the argument was put off until this week, with little chance that the 19, whose chief aim is to prevent Southerners from filibustering civil rights legislation to death, will get anywhere.

Across the aisle from Bob Taft, the man the Democrats elected as minority leader sounded a notable note of harmony. Said Texas' Lyndon Baines Johnson, a middle-of-the-road Democrat who stuck with his party in the 1952 election: "It's not the duty of the opposition to oppose. It's a new Congress and a new era . . . We

ought to spend the next few months working for our country and our kids . . ."

This harmonious prelude of the 83rd by no means meant that it would always be thus. There was a live, brilliantly cravatted reminder of one big problem the Republican leadership faces. Playing to the galleries, as usual, Wayne Morse, the Oregon maverick, strolled into the chamber lugging an iron folding chair, prepared to "sit in the middle of the aisle." The Republicans shooed him over to his old seat in the front row on their side, just because that was the simplest thing to do. Not so simple would be the Morse-born problem of maintaining a Republican majority on all committees. With the Senate divided 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and one Morse, the G.O.P. leadership would have to reshuffle committee sizes to prevent Morse from holding the balance of power on important groups.

Chief Carpenter. Across the way in the House of Representatives, the pattern was similar. Bald, old (71 this week) Sam Rayburn, who served longer as Speaker (3,760 days) than any man in history, had stepped down to minority leader with a characteristic line. Said he: "Time will tell if they [the Republicans] can really run the Government. Any jackass can kick a barn door down, but it takes a carpenter to build it back."

The Republicans' chief carpenter in the House, Massachusetts' Joe Martin, Speaker in the 80th Congress and Sam Rayburn's good friend, ran things with a firm gavel. Ready to help him as majority leader on the floor, as he had in the 80th Congress, was Indiana's Charles Halleck. When a comparatively small (58) group of representatives tried to strip the Rules Committee of its power to pigeonhole bills, Martin needed no help to bang

through a voice vote shouting them down. It is the new leadership's responsibility, said the Speaker, to see that desirable legislation is not bottled up.

While Joe Martin demonstrated that he was in charge on his side of the rotunda just as Bob Taft was on the other side, members of the House dropped more than 1,000 bills into the hopper. Among them: one from New York's Republican Representative Daniel Alden Reed, who will be chairman of the tax-writing Ways & Means Committee, to cut individual income taxes an average of 11% next June 30. Speaker Martin gave it a possibly significant designation: H.R. No. 1.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Between Old Friends

Entering the Verandah Grill of the *Queen Mary*, the old man walked slowly, his shoulders stooped by his 78 years. Pink-cheeked, beaming, the inevitable cigar in his hand and the dignity of greatness about him, Winston Churchill faced some 200 newsmen panting to know just why he had made the wintry Atlantic crossing, in such a hurry, to visit with Dwight Eisenhower.

Carefully, artfully, the Prime Minister stressed the casual nature of it all. It just happened, he said, that he was on his way to a holiday in Jamaica to "soak up some sun and some warmth—naturally I looked in to pay my respects to the President and President-elect . . . It's just a meeting of old friends," he insisted. "We've met perhaps a hundred times before . . ."

No, he couldn't say what he and Ike might talk about. "I've no idea. It's to be just a private, informal conversation between old friends."

Would he, perhaps, ask for more U.S.

aid? "Trade, not aid," answered the Prime Minister, "is the wise policy."

The old man suddenly turned sharp when a reporter recalled that recently the Prime Minister spoke of the chances of war subsiding: "I made no such statement. I said the chances of war have receded. There's quite a difference."

Churchill said that resistance to Communist aggression in Korea was "the greatest event of the last five years." It had done more than anything else to improve the prospect for world peace. Then he slipped in some British caution: "And there are worse things than a stalemate. A checkmate, for instance." He still thought the free world's center of gravity lay along the frontiers of the Iron Curtain in Europe—"although I may be biased in my views."

Turning to the future of the Korean war, Churchill said it would be "a great pity for the U.N. armies—or the U.S. armies—to go wandering all over this vast China, and a great pity to make any indefinite extension of the war. At the same time, we must go on and hold our position. It doesn't follow that there will be no improvement. There's an old German saying—The trees don't grow up to the sky."

Twenty minutes of question & answer done, Winston Churchill cheerfully faced the TV cameras. "Truly wonderful," he said, lifting his fingers in the old V-for-Victory sign, "to think that every expression of my face is being viewed by millions of people . . . I only hope the raw material is as good as the method of distribution."

That evening, at the Manhattan home of Old Friend Bernard Baruch, the Prime Minister had his visit with Old Friend Eisenhower. The President-elect dropped in on the way home from his Hotel Commodore headquarters. Eisenhower, who had last seen Churchill in London during his May 1952 farewell tour as NATO commander, said to the Prime Minister: "You look much better than when I saw you last."

Ike went on home to dress for dinner. He was soon back again. There were no immediate communiqués on what the two old friends said to each other.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT At the Commodore

The mighty job of readying a new Administration went forward intensely strenuously, on the sixth floor of Manhattan's Hotel Commodore. Dwight Eisenhower, like the rest of his headquarters staff, arrived each morning between 8 and 8:30. Some nine hours later, the President-elect emerged from the heavy daily round of callers and conferences: one evening, just before stepping into his limousine for the drive home to Morningside Heights, he smiled for the inevitable waiting cameramen, and remarked: "First time out today."

A Quiet Holiday. On the last day of the old year, Ike gave the staff permission to knock off at noon. Newsmen pressed him for a New Year's message to



BARUCH & CHURCHILL
The raw material was judged by millions.

United Press



BENJAMIN HARRISON'S INAUGURATION PARADE (1889)

One Vice President was quite drunk.

the nation, but he declined, on the ground that a formal statement was the traditional function of the President and not the President-elect. But the news microphones were there as Ike emerged. Cheerfully waving his brown felt hat, he wished a "Happy New Year to everybody everywhere." Then he was off to a holiday with his family, a champagne toast to see the New Year in, and a quiet Jan. 1, enlivened by the chatter of his grandchildren romping and rolling up a snowman in the yard of the Columbia University residence.

A Harmonious Lunch. The week's No. 1 conference took place around Ike's luncheon table at the Commodore. For 2½ hours the President-elect talked things over with the new Republican high command in the Senate: Ohio's Robert Taft, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges, Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, North Dakota's Milton Young. The purpose of the get-together was to establish firm working liaison between executive and legislature and to straighten out patronage procedures.

Ike led off by saying that the immediate and long-range aims of his Administration must be the ending of the Korean war and the achievement of peace; everything else must take a back seat. Nobody disagreed. Then a general understanding was reached on a wide range of back-seat matters: cut spending before cutting taxes, consult with Congressmen before making appointments, let the Senate deal with its own rules on filibustering. Senator Young had a particular gripe: he had heard that Ike's Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson would not support a 90% farm parity program. In no time at all, Eisenhower's Attorney General Herbert Brownell had Benson on the long-distance phone and talking with Young. The Senators all came away from their luncheon in good humor.

Among other callers at the Commodore: Paul G. Hoffman, ex-ECAdministrator and now Ford Foundation head. ("We had quite a go-around," said Hoffman, "on international economic problems . . .

A substantial increase in our flow of world trade is needed.")

John J. McCloy, ex-High Commissioner for Germany and now Chase National Bank chairman. ("The President-elect," said McCloy, "was rather surprised that some people felt he was less concerned with Europe than with Asia.")

J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief. (He slipped away without talking to reporters.) The Rev. Edward L. R. Elson, pastor of Washington's National Presbyterian Church, where Ike will worship. (They discussed a pew. Eisenhower was inclined to favor a front-&-center spot, instead of 1) the side-aisle pew used by Jackson, Pierce, Polk, Buchanan and Cleveland, 2) another side-aisle used by Grant, 3) a center-aisle used by Benjamin Harrison.

THE CAPITAL

Inauguration

Eagerly and a little apprehensively, Washington is preparing for President-elect Eisenhower's inauguration. Unlike the coronation of a British monarch, or the installation of a Chilean chief, the inauguration of an American President has never quite lost a certain air of improvisation: democracy on this occasion wants to wear a silk hat, but it also wants to knock silk hats into the Potomac.

Rummage Sales & Muddy Boots. At the first inauguration, in 1789 in New York City, someone forgot to provide a Bible for the President's oath. George Washington had all but started to raise his right hand when a frantic messenger turned up with the Good Book (which he had found in a downtown tavern where the St. John's Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons used to hold its meetings).

Many inaugurations have run into weather trouble. At Grant's second inauguration hall, the shivering guests danced with their overcoats on, and William Howard Taft's inauguration was attended by snow, sleet and storm. But probably the Presidents most plagued by the weather were the Harrisons. At Benjamin Har-

rison's inauguration in 1889, "rain," according to one account, "fell in torrents . . . Pennsylvania Avenue was a moving ocean of umbrellas." Nevertheless, he allowed the ceremony to take place in the open, which was courageous considering what happened to his grandfather, William Henry Harrison, who appeared at his inauguration without hat and overcoat, and took more than an hour to read his 8,000-word inaugural address, the longest in U.S. history. Never was author's pride more bitterly rewarded: he caught a chill and died a month later.

The arrival of a new White House tenant has usually been attended by entertainment—balls, parades, Indian war dances, even a White House rummage sale. The sale was staged by Chester Arthur, who wanted to get rid of a lot of old "junk," including a pair of Lincoln's trousers and a magnificent sideboard which had been presented to the former First Lady, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes (also known as "Lemonade Lucy"), by the W.C.T.U. (it fetched a high price from a prominent saloonkeeper).

The most raucous inauguration of all was that of Andrew Jackson, attended by hordes of enthusiastic supporters from the West. After the inauguration, in the words of a contemporary writer, "a motley concourse of people, riding, running helter-skelter," followed Jackson to the White House, where "it was understood that refreshments were to be served." The mob stormed the gates and doors, smashed china and glassware, trampled on delicate satin chairs with muddy boots.

Almost equally memorable was the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln and Vice President Andrew Johnson in 1865. Johnson had just got through an attack of typhoid fever and, though a light drinker, he fortified himself with some brandy, chased by several slugs of whisky. When his turn came to take the oath, he stood up, weaving slightly, and made an unscripted but extremely fiery speech ("Humble as I am, plebeian as I may be deemed, permit me in the presence of

this brilliant assemblage . . ."). "Senators on the Republican side," reported the New York *World*, "began to hide their heads." Notables tugged at his coattails, but Johnson paid no heed. The Vice President was quite drunk.

White Ties & Tangerines. Ike's inauguration may not be up to such precedents, but it promises to be the biggest show in decades. The three-day program includes a special reception for governors, a symphony concert, a "festival" with Hollywood and Broadway stars, and not one but two inaugural balls. Faced with an avalanche of requests for invitations, the Inaugural Committee—at Ike's own suggestion—arranged for one ball to be held in the National Guard Armory; the other in Georgetown University gym. Ike and Mamie will visit both, and the Cabinet will be split between them. White tie is ordained for gentlemen, but black ties will not be turned away. "Chesterfield coats will prevail," declared Robert E. Stein, a Washington tailor, "unless someone is lucky enough to own one of those beautiful old Inverness capes."

The inauguration parade, to be led at Ike's request by a delegation from Kansas, will include 25,000 marchers. In addition to military units and the usual state contingents, there will be a mounted sheriff's posse from Clark County, Nev., a dog team from Alaska, and a Florida float carrying Miss America of 1952 and other beauties who will toss tangerines at the spectators (oranges were considered too dangerous).

Thirty-four inaugural subcommittees, with 2,600 members, are hard at work. There is a committee for transportation and a committee for "ethnic groups," a committee to distribute tickets and a committee to guard against confidence men, a hotel committee and a non-hotel committee (the latter in charge of finding rooms and beds outside Washington's already booked hotels). With all this organization, Washingtonians wonder whether there will be any room left for the raucous and the unexpected. Certainly, no one will forget about the Bible this time. Ike will use the same Bible—still treasured by the Masons—which George Washington kissed 164 years ago.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Appointments

Named last week for important posts in the Eisenhower Administration:

JOSEPH MORRELL DODGE, 62, to be Director of the Budget. Detroit's distinguished banker, a stubborn anti-inflationist, an adviser on postwar monetary problems in Germany and Japan. Dodge has been Dwight Eisenhower's personal budget "observer" in Washington (TIME, Dec. 1). As budget director, he will sit in at presidential Cabinet meetings, report directly to Eisenhower.

THURSTON MORTON, 45, to be an Assistant Secretary of State. Tall, husky (6 ft., 2 in., 184 lbs.), and a youthful-looking hustler. Morton is a seventh-

generation Kentuckian from Louisville, a Yuleman (class of '29), and formerly head of his family's flour mill firm, Ballard & Ballard, which was bought out by Pillsbury Mills in 1931. In World War II he served with the Navy, a lieutenant commander on minesweepers and destroyers in the Pacific. He has had three postwar terms as a Republican Congressman, is an outspoken internationalist, led the pro-Eisenhower forces in Kentucky; was recommended for State by his good friend, Kentucky's new Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper.

HERMAN PHLEGER, 62, to be legal adviser to the Secretary of State. A prominent San Francisco lawyer (Brobeck, Phleger & Harrison), a graduate of the University of California and Harvard Law School, he is a director of numerous



THURSTON MORTON
Tested in advance.

banking and business enterprises (American Can Trust, Union Oil, Moore Dry Dock, Matson Navigation, etc.), a trustee of Stanford. He served as a Navy lieutenant in World War I and as a legal expert with the U.S. occupation forces in post-World War II Germany.

To be Assistants to the Attorney General: **WARREN OUNTY III,** 48, a University of California law graduate and longtime associate of Governor Earl Warren, who picked him for chief counsel of the state's Special Crime Study Commission.

J. (for James) **LEE RANKIN,** 45, Nebraska Law School product, an old admirer of New York's Governor Tom Dewey, for whom he campaigned in Nebraska as far back as 1940.

WARREN E. (for Earl) BURGER, 35, graduate of the University of Minnesota and St. Paul College of Law, a leader of the pro-Eisenhower forces in last summer's famed convention credentials fight, an old crony of MSA Administrator-designate Harold Stassen.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The McKinsey Report

In the political confusion of May 1952, some optimistic Eisenhower Republicans began thinking about a problem that might be with them in December. The problem: How could a Republican President-elect and his key men, in the few weeks between election and inauguration, get a clear view of the vast, federal, bureaucratic jungle inhabited by 2,600,000 employees? One foresighted Ikeman, New York Financier Harold Talbott, a big G.O.P. fund raiser who will be Secretary of the Air Force in the new Administration, had an answer.

Two months before either party had nominated its candidate, Talbott hired Manhattan's McKinsey & Co., one of the nation's top management consulting firms, and gave them a broad directive to 1) find out exactly how many jobs the Republicans would need to fill to control all policymaking, 2) spell out the nature of each job and the qualifications required to fill it.

Within a month, McKinsey's administrative specialists (who total 103) had decided that 250 to 300 men in the right jobs could actually control all federal policy. This may have been an optimistic view, one which would be more applicable to business than to government, which is less responsive to top management. But it was a base for operations. Within a few days after the election, the McKinsey report was ready for Dwight Eisenhower: a 14-volume analysis of every top policymaking job that he would have to fill, the qualifications the appointees should have, the chief problems they would face.

Eisenhower and his staff used the report as one of their guides in making appointments. After the Cabinet was named, the consultants handed appointees ten to 15-page memos on their jobs. The memos not only outlined what their chief duties would be, but spelled out in detail the immediate, practical problems.

The McKinsey report was no sure prescription for efficiency in Washington, but it was a good way for Dwight Eisenhower and his key men to get a solid briefing on the bureaucracy. The only other sources of such information are the departing bureaucrats, who are inevitably prejudiced in favor of the *status quo*.

ARMED FORCES

Bad Bandages

To Richard Green, the Korean war was a bonanza. As manager of the Guild Products Corporation, an improvised firm with a rented plant in Newark, N.J., Green managed to get a \$777,335 Government contract to make bandages of a type used by front-line medical corpsmen for emergency dressings and tourniquets.

Some of the Guild Products' output—earmarked for Marines in Korea—was up to specifications. But 15,000 of the company's bandages were made on defective machines, and were so cut that they would

fall apart under the slightest strain. Navy inspectors were shown only good bandages. An indignant Guild Products foreman tipped off the FBI; if he had not done so, the faulty bandages would not have been discovered until they reached the Korean front.

Last week Richard Green was indicted on four counts, each of which might cost him \$10,000 and five years in prison. The defective bandages could have been resewn to meet specifications for less than \$200.

The Army Retreats

Protecting Greater New York against a possible sneak air attack is the dreary chore assigned to gunners of the 52nd Anti-aircraft Artillery Brigade. Looking to a cold winter, the Army brass decided to give the 52nd—housed in drafty canvas tents—a better deal in living quarters. Warmth and cheer in the form of the latest steel and plywood prefab huts were delivered in 3,104 enormous crates; the G.I.s started to assemble them.

Building trades councils of the A.F.L. got wind of the project, objected that prefabs assembled by soldiers took work away from union members. The unions threatened strikes on other vital construction. The Army faltered, retreated from its housing plans; some Arctic-type tents were ordered. Last week the G.I.s began to store the crated prefabs. While the wind shrieked outside, the 52nd was back under canvas.

INVESTIGATIONS

McCommitteism

For 17 months, the Senate subcommittee on Privileges and Elections fitfully investigated Wisconsin's Republican Senator Joe McCarthy and Connecticut's Democratic Senator William Benton. Reasons for the investigation were 1) Benton's resolution to expel McCarthy from the Senate on the ground of unfitness, and 2) McCarthy's resolution to dispose of Benton in like manner. Last week, the subcommittee turned in its report.

It had been a tough 17 months. One subcommittee member, Idaho's Republican Senator Herman Welker, and two investigators had charged that the subcommittee was being unfair to McCarthy, and had resigned. The original chairman, Iowa Democrat Guy Gillette, had resigned in distress over other resignations. Senator McCarthy himself had stubbornly and slyly avoided testifying in his own defense. He contended that the investigation was just a "smear."

Fascinating Finances. Possibly as a result of its troubles, the subcommittee resorted to some tactics which the foes of Joe McCarthy so thoroughly deplore: its report leaned heavily on insinuation and innuendo. First it rattled some old skeletons, e.g., whether McCarthy should have accepted \$10,000 from the RFC-supported Lustron Corp. for a pamphlet on housing which he wrote while serving on Senate committees dealing with RFC and Lus-

tron problems. Then it raised some questions about McCarthy's fascinating finances but did not provide clear answers. Some items:

¶ In 1945, before he was a Senator, McCarthy owed the Appleton (Wis.) State Bank \$169,540.70 (secured mostly by stocks in which he was speculating), despite the fact that the legal loan limit for that bank was \$100,000. Since his began his fight against Communism, his bank accounts have improved greatly. In the last four years, he has deposited in one bank account \$172,623.18, and his administrative assistant Ray Kiermas has deposited \$96,921.26. The subcommittee's implied question: Where did all this dough come from?

¶ In 1947, McCarthy got Russell M. Arundel, a Washington representative for



SENATOR McCARTHY
Insinuations in reverse.

the Pepsi-Cola Co., to endorse a \$20,000 note for him. That year, both Pepsi-Cola and McCarthy were urging the Federal Government to end sugar controls. Asked the subcommittee: Did McCarthy follow the "Pepsi-Cola line" for financial gain? ¶ In 1948 McCarthy used his \$10,000 Lustron fee to buy stock in the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, which owed more than \$15 million to RFC. When he bought the stock, it hadn't paid a dividend for many years. The stock went up and Joe sold 1,000 shares last September at a profit of \$35,614.75. Asked the subcommittee: "Was there any relationship between Senator McCarthy's position as a member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee and his receipt of confidential information relating to the stock of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad . . . ?" ¶ In 1950 McCarthy forwarded funds from his anti-Communism contribution account to a friend, who bought 30,000 bushels of soybean futures and realized a profit of \$87,354.50 in less than three

months. The subcommittee's questions: Were not the fight-Communism contributions trust funds? Did McCarthy have confidential information on the soybean-future market, which was then being investigated by the Department of Agriculture?

Due for Dust. After indulging in too much McCommitteism, the subcommittee concluded that it would make no recommendation about McCarthy's fitness to serve, but would leave that to the Senate itself. As for Benton, it filed only a brief report agreeing with him that in 1950 he "badly handled" \$600 in contributions from Walter Cosgriff, a Salt Lake City banker, while Cosgriff was being considered for an RFC directorship. The question, observed the subcommittee, is more or less moot, since Benton was defeated last November.

Joe McCarthy's reaction to the report was McCarthy-like: It was "a new low in dishonesty and smear." He had labels for the subcommittee members: the Democrats, Missouri's Senator Thomas C. Hartings Jr. and Arizona's Carl Hayden, were "lackeys" of Harry Truman; the Republicans, New Jersey's Robert C. Hendrickson, was a "living miracle . . . without brains or guts."

McCarthy foes began to buzz about preventing him from being seated when Congress reconvened, and he dared them to try it. He was sworn in without a sound of protest; his wiser foes were sure that a challenge would have been voted down by the Senate. As he walked back to his seat, Joe seemed relaxed. When he passed Senator Hayden, he clapped the "lackey" on the back and smiled a big smile. Hayden made a face.

This week the subcommittee's report was on its way to the Republican-controlled Senate Rules Committee, which probably will be chaired by Indiana's William Jenner, no foe of McCarthy. There it will almost certainly gather dust.

Mechanical Slippage

By last week nearly everybody was willing to admit that some 50 U.S. Communists or Communist suspects had flocked from Government jobs in Washington into tax-free jobs high in the United Nations secretariat in New York. The cries of "U.N. smear" and "persecution," which had greeted the first investigations, faded away. Secretary of State Dean Acheson agreed that the situation was a "black eye" and a "blow" to U.S. "national interest." U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie acknowledged that he had been concerned for years about U.S. subversives on his staff. In Washington a House Judiciary subcommittee, chaired by Kentucky's Frank Chaffee, turned full attention to the next inevitable question: How could the Administration knowingly allow such an appalling situation to exist under its nose right up through most of 1952?

For its principal witness the committee summoned Dean Acheson, who reveled in legalisms and implied time & again that the problem had really not been worth his

attention until recently, Acheson made it elaborately clear that he was in no way responsible for hiring & firing anybody in the U.N. secretariat. Back in 1946, said he, Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes decided that the State Department should not recommend people for the U.N. staff. Byrnes felt that "we would be flooded with all sorts of tasks which we could not perform," surmised Acheson.

Word of Mouth. This Byrnes policy jogged along unchanged until 1949, when Assistant Secretary of State John Hickerson, a conscientious, old-line Foreign Service officer, was assigned to U.N. Hickerson worked out a secret system for State Department checkups on Americans in the U.N. At U.N.'s specific request, a group of State's "evaluators" would check each name against FBI, Central Intelligence, and other security files. Then Hickerson, by word of mouth, would convey the findings to Lie's office in reports of one or two words. Suspected subversives were ranked in terms of "suspicious," "highly suspicious" and "reject."

Who were the State Department's all-powerful evaluators? asked the committee. The New York grand jury had pressed the same question last fall when the jurors discovered that State frequently took 18 months to make its evaluations and once took three years. (Hickerson called the three-year delay a "mechanical slip.") Moreover, three U.N. employees passed by the evaluators refused, on grounds of self-incrimination, to testify under oath whether they were Communists. Acheson, drawing up his well-worn cloak of martyrdom, refused to tell the committee the names of the evaluators because a presidential order forbade it. Asked New York's Representative Kenneth Keating: "The President's decision was based on advice you gave him?" Replied Acheson: "I assume that it was. Yes, sir."

News for the Secretary. In most appearances before congressional committees, Acheson takes immense pride in being completely briefed on all questions. This time he stressed his ignorance. He made the surprising statement that not until last fall did he learn of Hickerson's 1949 "evaluation" arrangement with U.N. Hickerson once had to interrupt Acheson's testimony to tell the Secretary that State's evaluators are now being rechecked for loyalty and competence. Acheson reacted as though this was news to him. At the reaction, even Good Soldier Hickerson was obviously embarrassed.

Said Keating to Hickerson: "That fact was never known to the Secretary of State until this morning when you informed him right here before us?" Replied Hickerson, under oath: "I am not sure, sir, whether that is correct or not."

California's young Congressman Pat Hillings, like Keating, was stunned by Acheson's repeated shrug-off of the U.N. problem. Asked Hillings: "Is it not true that some of these American Communists in the U.N. have access to large amounts of money which will be spent across the world under their control and direction, and

which if they so desire could be used for purposes opposed to the principles which make up the position of this country?" Replied Acheson: "I do not know who those people are or what their positions are. I would rather have Mr. Hickerson answer that question." Pressed Keating: "In the light of hindsight is it your feeling that anything should have been done . . . since the decision of 1946?" Acheson: "Well, it was done in 1949." Keating: "You had no knowledge of what was done in 1949, am I correct?" Acheson: "That is correct, yes, sir . . . I may say that my hindsight is sore at this point."

Clarity & Fuzz. Acheson broadly hinted that the U.S. might have done more about subversives in the U.N. if U.N.'s Trygve Lie had asked for more help. This triggered Lie next day into a 3,500-word for-



United Press

DEAN ACHESON
His hindsight is sore.

mal statement which placed the burden of procrastination and delay right back on the State Department. Lie's statement was not entirely forthright either (e.g., he intimated that a routine 1948 request for passports for his staff was a farsighted request for security clearances). However, Lie made some telling points:

¶ Most of the U.S. pro-Commies came directly to the U.N. from U.S. Government service "without adverse indication from any governmental or other source." ¶ The U.S. never furnished any evidence to support its evaluations, because of "restrictions of secrecy by which the State Department felt itself bound." ¶ In only one instance was a job applicant employed "after receipt of adverse comment," and he was later fired. "Reports are still awaited regarding more

than 50 applicants, some of the requests dating back more than a year." (But the U.N. still has eleven staff members hired before State Department evaluation began — who later drew adverse comments.)

The more the conflicting claims, the shrugs, the protests of legalities tended to fuzz up the record, the more they clarified it too. U.S. Communists and fellow travelers were allowed to congregate in the U.N. secretariat because no top-ranking official thought the matter very important. It was, indeed, a case of "mechanical" slippage. Neither Acheson nor Lie did much about it until the New York grand jury began taking testimony and the congressional investigations made the matter headline material—to the infinite damage of U.N. prestige in the U.S. (and vice versa). Never had the case for public investigation of Communist infiltration been more eloquently proved.

The Vincent Case

Last week Dean Acheson flatly refused to dismiss Career Diplomat John Carter Vincent, the Old China Hand whose loyalty has been found in "reasonable doubt" by the President's Loyalty Review Board (*TIME*, Dec. 29). In a long memo to Harry Truman, the Secretary of State argued that he could not fire Vincent, as the LRB recommended, until he had "further guidance."

The LRB verdict, said Acheson, left him confused and disturbed. The board had neither "accepted nor rejected" but had "taken into account" 1) testimony by ex-Communist Louis Budenz who said that Vincent was a Communist, and 2) a finding by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee that Vincent was a fulcrum for pro-Communist influence in the State Department. "I am unable," said Acheson, "to interpret what this means."

Furthermore, continued the Secretary, the LRB had raised an issue that went to the heart of the Foreign Service: "The issue of accurate reporting." Acheson, who collaborated with Vincent in writing the directive for George Marshall's disastrous mission to China in 1945-46, implied that Vincent was being condemned for "reporting the facts as he saw them . . . We should not by inadvertence take any step which might lower the high traditions of our own Foreign Service to the level established by governments which will permit their diplomats to report to them only what they want to hear."

This was, in fact, something of a contrived issue. In the period of Vincent's China Affairs service, during the late '30s and early '40s, those in the Foreign Service or outside who dared disagree with State's pro-Communist, anti-Nationalist line were the ones likely to suffer discrimination and disparagement.

Acheson proposed a special agency to review the Vincent case once more. For its membership he suggested: retired Federal Judge Learned Hand as chairman; John McCloy, ex-High Commissioner to Germany and now board chairman of the Chase National Bank; former Assistant

Secretaries of State James Rogers and Howland Shaw; and former Ambassador to Turkey Edwin Wilson.

Truman okayed Acheson's memo.

Another career diplomat, Foy David Kohler, was sharply disciplined by the State Department last week. A competent veteran of 21 years service, once director of Voice of America and recently assigned to the department's important Policy Planning Staff, Kohler was arrested for drunkenness by Arlington, Va., police early last month. He and his wife Phyllis, motoring home from a party, ran into an Arlington telephone pole: Mrs. Kohler, who was at the wheel, was charged with drunken driving. In the car was Kohler's briefcase, containing secret documents which he was carrying home to study: he had failed to get necessary permission to take them out of the State Department.

Kohler's punishment: an official reprimand for violating security rules, suspension without pay for 30 days (a loss of \$1,114), demotion from the Policy Planning Staff to unspecified "other duties."

ESPIONAGE

Still Defiant

In Washington last week, pickets with signs—"Commute the death sentences of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg"—kept up a 24-hr.-a-day demonstration near the White House. In New York the *Daily Worker* filled its pages with shrill protest that "the Rosenbergs must live." Throughout Europe, Communists and fellow travelers pointed to the Rosenbergs as martyrs to "reactionary hysteria" in the U.S.

Aided by the passage of time, the steady drumfire of Communist propaganda had done much to cloud the facts of the Rosenberg case. In the summer of 1950, the FBI had arrested Julius Rosenberg, a sallow, bespectacled engineer, on the charge that he had acted as paymaster and talent scout for a spy ring which, during and after World War II, delivered to Russia U.S. military secrets of supreme importance. His wife Ethel was accused of aiding him.

"Russia Is Our Ally." Chief witness against the Rosenbergs was Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, once an Army machinist at Los Alamos' Manhattan Project. In 1944, said David, his wife Ruth told him that the Rosenbergs wanted him to give them whatever information he could discover about the atom bomb, because "Russia is our ally and as such deserves this information . . ." Greenglass testified that he repeatedly turned over top-secret data to the Rosenbergs. Most important of the items which he admitted giving them was a sketch of the Nagasaki-type atom bomb, and a twelve-page report on how it worked.

David Greenglass, whose confession got his prison sentence down to 15 years, was backed up by the testimony of his wife Ruth. Convicted Spy Harry Gold told the court that, in May 1945, a Russian agent named Yakovlev had ordered him



Associated Press
THE ROSENBERGS
"What they seek . . ."

to go to Albuquerque to pick up some atom-bomb diagrams from Greenglass. The phrase with which Gold identified himself to Greenglass: "Julius sent me." Another key witness, Max Elitcher, testified that Rosenberg had urged him to steal secret information from the Navy Ordnance Bureau.

"Murder Is Dwarfed." Throughout the trial, the Rosenbergs insisted they were innocent, but the jury quickly found them guilty of espionage in wartime, a crime punishable by death. Presiding was Federal Judge Irving R. Kaufman, who told the Rosenbergs, when he sentenced them: "Plain, deliberate, contemplated murder is dwarfed in magnitude by comparison



Emil Reynolds
JUDGE IRVING KAUFMAN
. . . they have attained."

with the crime you have committed."

Although the judge, the prosecutor and the chief Government witnesses were Jews, the Communists shrieked that the Rosenbergs were convicted because of anti-Semitic bias. The Reds, as usual, succeeded in mobilizing some non-Reds to help. Atomic Chemist Harold Urey wrote to Judge Kaufman that he "found the testimony of the Rosenbergs more believable than that of the Greenglasses."

"Justice, Not Mercy." The Rosenbergs lost three appeals to the U.S. circuit court of appeals and two to the U.S. Supreme Court. Last week they exhausted one of the few legal maneuvers remaining—an appeal to Judge Kaufman to reduce their sentences from death to imprisonment. Said the judge: "I have seen nothing . . . to cause me to change the sentence . . . The defendants, still defiant, assert that they seek justice, not mercy. What they seek, they have attained."

The Rosenbergs were scheduled to die on Jan. 14. Early this week Judge Kaufman announced that their execution would be postponed if they appealed to the President for mercy.

STATISTICS

The Figurama

Year-end inventories brought some interesting figures. Among them:

LABOR

Strikes involving 3½ million workers cost the U.S. \$5 million man-days of work last year (22.9 million in 1951). The 55-day steel strike starting last June accounted for 23.8 million man-days, two-fifths of the total lost.

THE VOTE

For the second national election in a row, Utah (pop. 709,000) outranked other states in percentage of voter turnout (80%). Runners-up: Delaware, Idaho, New Hampshire, Rhode Island. In the whole U.S., 63% of the population over 21 went to the polls.

LAW & ORDER

For the first time in the 71 years during which records have been kept, no lynchings were reported in 1952. Since 1882, there have been 4,725 deaths by mob violence in the U.S., but only eleven lynchings have occurred since 1942.

THE AIR

In 1952, military transport planes winged over the Pacific on an average of one every 45 minutes; an Arctic flight or an Atlantic crossing took place every hour and 15 minutes. One Alaska-based squadron chalked up 700 North Pole crossings over a five-year period.

THE JUDICIARY

The federal judiciary, after 20 years of New Deal-Fair Deal rule, was made up of 248 Democrats, 59 Republicans (including 46 survivors of pre-Roosevelt days) and one judge without party affiliation. Roosevelt and Truman appointed 242 Democrats to judgeships and only 17 Republicans. Eisenhower will have nine vacancies to fill after Jan. 20.

NEWS IN PICTURES



PAGEANTRY IN THE U.S.: More than 1,250,000 turned out to watch scores of flower-decked floats (average cost: \$5,000) parade five-mile route in colorful Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, Calif.

In Philadelphia, 200,000 lined streets as 18,000 satin-&-sequin-clad Mummers marched up Broad Street in 52nd costume competition. Below: Ornate Captain's Cape of Klein Club, fancy division winner.





PRECISION BOMBING IN KOREA: After 30 months of fighting and 128,063 U.S. casualties, 1953 was ushered in with ground patrol skirmishes and U.N. interdiction missions over Communist territory.

Department of Defense—Associated Press

Raiding Navy AD Skyracers from the carrier *Bon Homme Richard* found an inviting target in an enemy roundhouse and railroad marshaling yard at Musan, left them in bomb-pitted rubble (below).



INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Supranational Tax

If world government ever comes, world taxes will not be far behind. Last week Western Europe got its first taste of international taxation: to raise the \$50 million it needs to get started, the Schuman Plan High Authority levied a tax—up to 9/10 of 1%—on all coal and steel produced in its six member nations.

NATO

23 Days to Paris

NATO's champion fire-eater is Marshal Juin of France, commander of its Central European ground forces and one of the Allies' sharpest World War II fighting men. Last week, addressing reserve officers at Strasbourg, this field-soldier son of a policeman offered a chilling counterblast to Europe's growing complacency:

"The enemy has installed himself in Saxony and in the Thuringian salient, 150 kilometers from the Rhine. This salient is, in the heart of Germany and toward the heart of France, a . . . loaded pistol."

"If one transplants to the Rhine region that offensive maneuver developed by the Russians in White Russia against the Germans in 1944, and grants them [the Russians] the same concentration of forces and rhythm of advance, such an attack . . . would be capable of reaching Paris in 23 days."



FUNERAL OF WEST BERLIN POLICEMAN BAUER
That night, a shot in the back.

International

priest. "The dirty one, because he needed it." Once more the congregation shook their heads in bewilderment and mounting annoyance.

"Well," said the priest once again. "A clean man and a dirty man were each offered a bath. Now, which would take it?" "Ah," answered his flock with sudden inspiration, "both." "No, no," said the priest, "neither would take it, because the one was already clean and the other preferred his dirt. Now, for the last time, which man would take the bath?" "Neither," answered his congregation as one man.

"You are wrong again," said the priest. "Both would take the bath, because the clean man liked to bathe and the dirty one needed to. Now do you understand dialectical materialism?"

"How can we understand when you give us a different answer every time?" cried an indignant student. "Ah," said the priest, "that is dialectical materialism."

EUROPEAN ARMY

De Gaulle's Alternative

Seven profitless months have passed since six Western European nations signed treaties with each other for the creation of a European Defense Community. The treaties provide for a common 43 division army, wearing the same uniforms, using the same weapons, and obeying the same commander; but before a corps can be organized or a single German armed, the treaties have to be ratified by the parliaments of six countries. France and Germany, with old antagonisms rankling, are stalling. What happens if EDC is not ratified? European statesmen pale at the question, give answers like that of Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer: "By economy of thought I refuse to examine the alternatives." Last week a man who has done more than most to delay the European Army gave his alternative.

In an interview with Reuters, General Charles de Gaulle itemized his old objections to EDC: it would 1) "split the French army in two," 2) mean "the end of the French Union," 3) be impotent militarily and psychologically, 4) lead to German predominance at the expense of France. But he was also prepared, for the first time, to spell out his alternative in detail:

¶ Separate military contingents from each country, including Germany, subject to control of a simple "confederation of European states," which would be more like a grand alliance.

¶ Each member state must bind itself not to embark on military adventures in Europe without prior consent of all the others.

¶ Germany would have to agree in peace-time to have no more divisions on foot than France, excluding those divisions France needs for overseas operations.

This plan, said the general, would avoid "the nightmare absurdity" of France's surrender of sovereignty to a supranational army.

BATTLE OF KOREA "Stop the Music"

In Korea, the Communists in recent weeks have been doing much of their fighting with loudspeakers. Red messages blare across no man's land promising hot food, good treatment and warm shelter to Eighth Army troops who go over to the Red side. Sometimes the Reds promise liquor, women, steaks and even automobiles (make unspecified). But the enemy's

the usually frugal French commissary sent Australian beefsteaks, fried potatoes, vegetables, fresh bread, Algerian wine and 3,000 bottles of champagne—one bottle for every four men in the dusty, embattled airstrip. Thai and Vietnamese troops got frozen meat, dried fish and rice; the North Africans had wine, live sheep and goats, brought in by airlift. In a dugout mess 25 feet underground, Nasan Commander Two-Star General Jean Gilles passed out cigars and liquors to his staff.



COMMUNIST GENERAL VO NGUYEN GIAP INSPECTING HIS TROOPS
In the seventh year, straws in the wind.

EASTMOON

loudspeaker campaign has been, to put it mildly, ineffective. He has broadcast Swedish music and talks in German to Dutch troops, the haunting strains of *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* to unmoved South Koreans, and he has offered hot pork chops to Turkish Moslems.

The Reds mount their loudspeakers on trucks and bring them up within a mile or less of the battle line. When they broadcast music in an attempt to make American troops homesick, the U.S. artillerymen play a game called "Stop the Music"—sending over 105-mm. howitzer shells. In most cases, the G.I. gunners claim, they can stop the music with one round.

In December the Reds boasted over their loudspeakers that they would be in Seoul by Christmas—but made no effort to get there. For New Year's Eve, they invited the Eighth Army boys to come on over and enjoy a big celebration. Next day they outdid themselves by threatening a "general offensive" for Sunday, Jan. 4. When Sunday rolled around, there was no attack, major or minor. Most sectors were, in fact, unusually quiet.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Bubbly for the Moles

Beneath the wan light of flare shells, the war in Indo-China moved into the seventh year. Said a red-haired Foreign Legionnaire: "We now have the oldest war in the world." To the "Moles of Nasan"

said hearlike General Gilles: "We've done a nice job here."

The French could afford a small celebration. General Vo Nguyen Giap's Communist army was now in the situation previously occupied by the French: their forces were spread out thinly over a vast area of jungle and mountain country. In the north, the Communist supply lines were at that moment being attacked by Thai guerrillas, most pro-French of the tribesmen. On the other hand, the French were now concentrated in Nasan and the Hanoi delta. But where would this lead in the coming seventh year of the war?

Straws in the wind: 1) local tribesmen are supplying the French with more information about Communist movements than ever before; 2) the native Viet Nam soldiers are coming into their own. French officers, once hostile to their small, thin allies, now speak enthusiastically of the Viet Nam soldiers, report them gaining in strength and spirit. Last week, in an isolated post 30 miles south of Hanoi, a small Viet Nam unit fought off Communist attacks until relieved by a column of their own armor and infantry. The tough little Viet Nam soldiers evacuated their wounded, rebuilt their fortifications, put in a new garrison, and waited for the Communists to attack again.

If, in the seventh year of fighting, the French could command the confidence and support of the native peoples, there was hope for Indo-China.

FOREIGN NEWS

KENYA

The Ladies & the Pangas

In a lonely Kenya ranch house some 60 miles north of Nairobi, Mrs. Dorothy Raynes-Simson, a cattle rancher, sat chatting with her partner, Kitty Hesselburger. There was a noise at the door, a shout, and a gang of Mau Mau thugs, led by the ranch's male cook, burst into the living room, brandishing *panga* knives. One man seized Mrs. Hesselburger from the throat, bent her across a chair; the rest set upon Mrs. Raynes-Simson, who grabbed her revolver, a handgun necessity for most Kenya white women these days, and blazed away. She shot two men dead, one of them the cook. Then, taking careful aim, Mrs. Raynes-Simson killed the man who was struggling with Mrs. Hesselburger. The Mau Mau fled, with both women in hot pursuit. Dorothy Raynes-Simson found one of her attackers hiding in the bathroom and shot him, too. Then she called the cops and asked them to collect the corpses.

We Wanted Your Head. In Kenya Crown Colony last week, whites in their remote farmsteads were jumpy and alert. The Mau Mau, striking from their jungle hide-outs, were now concentrating mostly on loyal Kikuyus, members of the sturdy tribe on which the Mau Mau prey for their recruits. Chief Iregi Karamba was shot in both legs and one arm; two African policemen and a Kikuyu schoolteacher were hacked to pieces. Three more tribesmen walked into the ward of a government hospital at Kiambu, sought out their chief, Hinga Hinga, who was recovering from a Mau Mau ambush, and shot him dead in his bed. A white farmer, returning home to find his house a shambles, unearthed a crude Mau Mau note: "God must love you. We wanted your head." They got his headman's hit; it rolled over the farmer's boots when he flung open the door of the headman's hut.

Queen's Counsel. The Kenya government relies on British regulars, Kenya home guards, and Wandorobe savages (who get £10 per Mau Mau head) to stamp out the terror. So far 13,000 Kikuyus have been rounded up as Mau Mau suspects; several dozen have been killed and four hanged. Yet few white settlers believe the Mau Mau can be crushed until Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, the bearded Kikuyu whom the government accuses of masterminding the terrorists, is safely locked away.

Kenyatta, handcuffed and shabby after ten weeks in jail, was on trial last week in the remote northern outpost of Kapenguria. The principal charge was "management of an unlawful society," but implicitly Kenyatta was suspected of sowing the seeds of African Communism. His defending counsel was Britain's slick Denis Nowell Pritt, Queen's Counsel, the man who got Gerhart Eisler freed in England. Though he denies being a Com-

munist Party member himself, Pritt can be relied upon to echo the familiar cries, including that of germ warfare in Korea.

Thanks largely to Pritt's skilled defense tactics, Kenyatta's trial is now a month old.

FRANCE

The Horses Are Thinner

Nobel Prizewinner François Mauriac, the Roman Catholic novelist, who is much preoccupied with sin, delivered himself last week of a pessimistic commentary on French politics. "We must conclude," he wrote on the front page of *Le Figaro*, "that the French people are able to secrete



FRANÇOIS MAURIAUC

"Character is destiny."

only a certain species of parliamentarianism, and that their bad habits are closely linked with their character. The saying that character is destiny applies to peoples as well as to individuals.

"It is no use reproaching man for being what he is and what he has always been. . . . No, there is nothing to get indignant about against anybody; neither against businessmen for whom profit is the big thing, nor against politicians who also have a business which they must lead to success . . . their re-election . . . Institutions do not change because men do not change. The day after the greatest catastrophe in our history [the fall of France], we had lost sight of this truth; the clean sweep gave us the illusion that everything would be rebuilt anew. I who have never placed hope in politics trembled with hope in that moment. And here we are in the same rut we were in 13 years ago; the coach rattles more; the horses are thinner and the flies are fiercer—that's the only difference."

Since they disagree on almost everything else, many Frenchmen disagreed with M. Mauriac's doleful outlook. What was more striking in France last week, however, was that more & more Frenchmen were beginning to agree on one of the major causes of their chronic parliamentary crises. The cause: the constitution of the Fourth Republic, which came into force in 1946 and since has spawned 15 consecutive governments ranging in health from sickly to stillborn. So long as the constitution remains unchanged, Frenchmen are beginning to realize, premiers and cabinets are bound to come & go with distressing frequency.

The constitution's basic fault is that the National Assembly—comprising 627 deputies from a dozen parties—is entrusted with complete powers for governing France, but with almost none of the responsibility. All a premier can do when the Assembly votes against him is to quit. He has no veto power to ward off bad parliamentary acts. When a majority defeats him on a vote of confidence, he does not in practice have the powers to dissolve the Assembly, thus forcing the members to risk their own seats at an election. If he did have, the National Assembly might not be in such fickle haste to seat and unseat premiers.

GREAT BRITAIN

Unrepentant Spy

As the night train for London pulled out of Normanton station, Yorkshire, a little man with a greying, Chaplinesque mustache quietly took his seat. The other passengers, if they noticed him at all, certainly did not recognize Atomic Spy Alan Nunn May, for whose release over 30 reporters were at that moment waiting outside nearby Wakefield Prison (*see PRESS*).

When reporters caught up with him a few hours later in the London suburb of Chalfont St. Peter, his sister-in-law at first denied that he was in her home, then the following day handed out a typewritten statement signed "A. N. May": "I myself think that I acted rightly and I believe many others think so, too." May tried to justify his delivery of vital atomic information to Russian espionage agents (*TIME*, Jan. 5) by saying: "I was wholeheartedly concerned with securing victory over Nazi Germany and Japan . . . My object now is to obtain as soon as possible an opportunity of doing useful scientific work, in which I can be of some service to this country and to my fellow men."

May was now free to move where he liked. Anticipating charges of pussyfooting with atomic spies, the British government (which wants to share U.S. atomic secrets) supplied its overseas missions with this guidance: since Nunn May, under the rules of good behavior, has served his term, "it is better to release him now and see if it is possible to change him into an honest citizen than embitter him by detaining

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him for the full sentence. He retains his ability as a scientist, but after seven years his atomic knowledge is no longer of value."

Then came a shocker: "If Nunn May wants to go to Russia, and the Russians want him, there is no general power to prevent a British subject from leaving the United Kingdom, with or without a passport. Nunn May does not have a valid passport. Refusal to grant him one could hamper him, but would not prevent him from leaving."

The Jumping Bus

Many a motorist has lived through the experience and awakened in his bed to find it was only a bad dream. Last week London Bus Driver Albert Gunter, 46, knew that it was no dream. With 20 passengers in his double-decker bus, Albert was just starting across the draw in London's Tower Bridge, as he had hundreds of times before. Suddenly, he said later, "it seemed as though the roadway in front of me was falling away." Albert started to jam on his brakes. Then he changed his mind.

"Everything happened terribly quickly," he said. "I realized that the part we were on was rising. It was horrifying. I felt we had to keep on or we might be flung into the river. So I accelerated." Up and up slowly went the bridge span; on and on Albert drove his bus. At the end of the span, Albert, his conductor and all 20 passengers soared off into space, leaped the widening gap and landed with a horrendous thump on the southern span six feet below. "I thought that might start going up too," said Albert, "so I just kept right on till I got to the other bank."

Results: a broken spring for the bus; a broken leg for the conductor; minor injuries for twelve passengers; a £10 (\$28) bonus to Albert for his quick thinking.

TURKEY

Improving Health

Turkey, making a thorough checkup at the start of the new year, found itself in excellent shape. The U.S. has pumped \$400 million into its bloodstream since the war. By diligently using these millions to expand its productive capacity, the Turks have tripled their gross national production. U.S. Mutual Security officials deliberately encouraged the Turks to spend their aid on economic expansion, which would return repeated dividends, instead of on direct military purchases. The country's resulting economic boom has brought \$100 million more (a 17% increase) in government revenues in the last year, which in turn enables the militant Turks to pay the high cost of arming (about 40% of their budget).

Mechanization is the main secret of Turkey's expansion. The country imports 1,000 tractors a month. Where in 1949 Turkey imported 120,000 tons of cereal, this year it will be able to export 2,000,000 tons. Last year Turkey passed Argentina to become the fourth largest wheat-producing country outside the Iron Curtain.

ITALY

Closed for Shame

The sullen olive groves and dwarf wheat fields around San Severo, on the spur of the Italian boot, have long bred Communists. Working for as little as 64¢ a day on land they could never buy, the San Severini were eager listeners to Communist organizers, who promised "The land will be given to you when Palmiro [Togliatti] is Premier of Italy."

Slow-moving and small-scale though it was, land reform last spring began to come from Premier Alcide de Gasperi's Christian Democratic government in Rome, and to seep down to the cactus-studded plains of southeastern Italy. At first, only 27 peasants around San Severo received land—four hectares (9.9 acres) each. But it set the peasants thinking. A

Christian Democratic Party, "Friends, there are no more traitors here," announced the world-beater. "We free men are choosing the way of justice." It was the biggest mass defection from Italy's Communist Party (the best-entrenched in Western Europe) since the war.

Next morning the San Severini discovered that the town's Communist headquarters had been shut down for a few days. Across the door was scrawled a message: "Closed for shame."

RUSSIA

Vydvihenets

Ever since Joseph Stalin abolished the Politburo last October, the mystery inside an enigma (as Churchill once called it) of the Kremlin has only deepened. Who really administers the country now,



Fiacarelli

REFORMED COMMUNISTS IN SAN SEVERO
"No more traitors here."

Communist troubleshooter was rushed to San Severo to quiet the doubts.

"Comrades, for only 27 traitors will you not sell your souls to the Americans," he said. This was hardly an answer to a rugged young peasant named Matteo Pistillo, nicknamed Spaccatutto (world-beater) and long known for his unswerving devotion to the Communist cause. "All right," he cried, "but when will Palmiro become our Premier? It may be true what the comrade said, but it is still truer that today I see the land reform." Pistillo had heard of other defections from the Communist Party in southern Italy. By last month the reform had given farms to 146 families around San Severo.

Last week Matteo Pistillo the world-beater led 431 of his comrades into San Severo's municipal theater, and there, before Christian Democratic Party workers who could not quite believe it, had them pile their Communist Party cards on the table and sign up as members of the

the 36-man Presidium or the 10-man Secretariat (kitchen cabinet)? On the theory that it is the smaller, tighter Secretariat, Western intelligence agents and analysts last week were keeping an eye on a newly powerful figure in it, Nikita Khrushchev.

Khrushchev, at 58 a cold and colorless "100% Stalin man," has been given unfettered authority to discipline 6,880,000 members of the Russian Communist Party, and to weld together even more tightly the parallel monoliths of party and state. Wielding such power, Khrushchev has taken his place in the Kremlin's anteroom alongside Vyacheslav Molotov, Georgy Malenkov and Lavrenty Beria.

Commissar. Born the son of a miner in the tiny Ukrainian village of Kalinovka, Khrushchev is what the Communists call a *Vydvihenets*, one who is "pushed forward." As commissar for metropolitan Moscow, he no longer affects a worker's peaked cap, but still orates in the rough



COMRADE KRUSHCHEV
Looking for lickspittles.

accent of his early years as a shepherd lad and a child laborer in the Czar's coal mines.

Khrushchev joined the party in 1918, got his first taste of slaughter in the bloody Civil War that ravaged the Ukraine after the Communist Revolution. In the '20s, he assisted in the liquidation of the *kulaks* and the mass deportation of millions of Ukrainian peasants; in the second Five Year Plan (1933-38), he bossed the excavation of Moscow's subway stations. His reward was the Order of Lenin and one of the party's toughest assignments: to stamp out the lingering embers of Ukrainian nationalism.

Purges. The Ukrainians, 40 million strong and proud of their own mother tongue, have a local patriotism as fierce as any Scot's. "For many centuries," Khrushchev himself once proclaimed, "the Ukrainian people fought for the right to develop their own culture, build their own schools, publish their own literature . . ." Yet it was to root out just such "bourgeois nonconformity" that Khrushchev was sent to Kiev in 1938. Characteristically, he started with a purge, not only of the "enemies of the people" (*i.e.*, Ukrainian patriots) but of all Communists who have lost their vigilance." Three thousand local party secretaries went to the cellar or were shipped to Siberia; six of the Ukraine's twelve provinces got new party chiefs. Purger Khrushchev's prize was the Order of the Red Banner of Labor and full membership in the Politburo.

Guerrilla. In World War II, Khrushchev took charge of the mass guerrilla movement that scorched the black earth of the Ukraine in the *Wehrmacht*'s rear, won the Stalingrad Medal for his services as a political commissar. At war's end he went back to the war-charred Ukraine with orders from the Kremlin to 1) revive its agriculture and heavy industry; 2) liquidate the Ukrainians who had collaborated with the Nazis. He succeeded on

both counts. "Half the leading workers have been done away with," he boasted in 1947.

In Stalin's Name. Awarded the title of Labor Hero for his mass transfer of Ukrainian farmers to *agrogoroda* (farm-cities); he was called to Moscow to take charge of all Soviet agriculture. At this point, peasants in the *agrogoroda* of the Caucasus and Ukraine showed signs of fight. Result: the peasants were crushed, and Nikita Khrushchev got his first setback. *Pravda* published an unprecedented "Correction of an Error," describing Khrushchev's orders as merely "matters for discussion."

But Khrushchev's doglike devotion to his master's voice, his belief that his was not to reason why, his reputation as a cold, hard doer, loud in his contempt for brighter, more ambitious "rhetoricians," left him still tall in Stalin's eyes, and he was "pushed forward" to greater heights.

Last October, when the Communist Party held its first national convention in 13 years, 72-year-old Stalin made only a brief closing speech (TIME, Oct. 27), but two men were chosen to speak at length in Stalin's name. One was Malenkov, the other Khrushchev. "Long live the Leader," he cried gratefully, "the inspirer, the organizer of . . . victories, the Great Stalin." And then, getting down to the cold tasks ahead of him, he warned the party, which he was about to clean up, that it was too full of "yes men, lickspittles and incompetents."

Dilemma

The British in Moscow, like the Americans before them, last week got an eviction notice from their Russian landlords. They were given three months to find a new building for their embassy and get out of the 19th century sugar-baron's mansion across the Moskva river from the Kremlin, which they have occupied for nearly 25 years.

For one minor member of the embassy staff, 31-year-old Storekeeper George Bundoock, the order raised a special complication. Since he was convicted in 1948 on a morals charge involving a Russian girl and sentenced to 18 months in prison, Bundoock has stayed in the embassy, with the cooperation of the British government, which felt that the Russians had railroaded him. When moving day comes, Bundoock will have to ride through Moscow to whatever new quarters the British settle in. Foreign Office diplomats have not yet figured out whether the usual diplomatic immunity will extend to moving vans or limousines, or what they can do about it if the Russians lie in wait for Storekeeper Bundoock.

THE MALDIVES

Newest Republic

The familiar strains of *Auld Lang Syne* swelled up from a sprawling cluster of tiny coral islands in the Indian Ocean last week, but the singers were not celebrating the New Year; they were merely singing their own national anthem. After years of

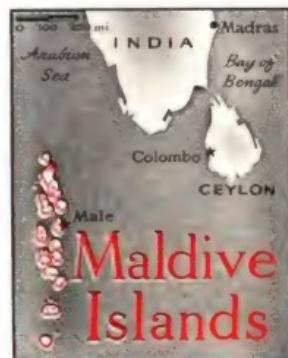
autocratic rule under Sultans known as the Golden Feet,* the Maldives (rhymes with small hive) Islands had just become the world's newest republic. Queen Elizabeth herself sent the Moslem islanders a message from another island, wishing them "good luck, fair winds and calm waters." A British cruiser stood by to fire a salute, and thousands of soft-eyed, coffee-colored Maldivians—the men in sarongs, the women in Mother Hubbards—crowded on to the main island of Maafushi to join the festivities.

The Maldives (pop. 90,000) had waited some 800 years for their republic, but the struggle for self-government had been as placid and uneventful as most of life on the islands. It came about largely because the islands' Sultans themselves got tired of ruling. Huddled together far from the world's highways, some 400 miles southwest of Ceylon, protected first by the Portuguese, then the Dutch and finally the British, the little Maldives long knew of the blessings and none of the curses of civilization.

Murder is still all but unknown; infrequent crimes like pilfering are punished by public whipping. The gentle Maldivians are among Asia's best-fed, cleanliest and healthiest people. Once a year every good Maldivian Moslem voluntarily undertakes an act of national service—*i.e.*, white-washing a government building.

But in time the sons of the Sultanate, sent abroad to Ceylon or Egypt for their education, began to chafe at the strict Sunni Moslem laws which kept them virtual prisoners at home once they reached the throne. When the old Sultan died in the 1930s, the islanders decided to do away with hereditary rule and elect new Sultans by popular vote. The first elected Sultan promptly abdicated. His successor, Prime Minister Amir Didi, was perfectly willing to run the government. So did he chafe at the travel restrictions. So did

* Because one 12th century Sultan's wife was fond of golden slippers that she threatened to cut off the feet of anyone else who dared wear them.





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Go right ahead, my dear . . . shoot the works. No doubt about it, you'll knock 'em dead tonight.

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his nephew, Amin Didi, who was designated to succeed him.

Last year the islands voted 99 to 1 to abolish the Sultanate altogether and establish a republic. Amin Didi was unanimously elected first president. Amin, 43, who visits London twice a year and rules with a firm but fair hand, accepted the job because, as he himself said, he could find no one else as worthy.

THE PHILIPPINES

Routine Flight

Among the seven passengers on the Philippines Air Lines DC-3 that morning was a young Chinese in a leopard-skin jacket. As the plane took off from north Luzon's Laogt Hooes North airport, on the coast of the South China Sea, the passengers settled down for the routine half-hour flight to Aparsi. Suddenly the plane lurched into a 45° bank. Purser Edgardo Diago came down the aisle reassuring passengers: "That was a terrific down-draft." He tried the handle of the pilot's cabin, tried again, and began hammering on the door. Then the passengers saw him slump to the floor, blood spurting from his left eye. There were two bullet holes in the cabin door. Only then did the passengers notice that the young Chinese in the leopard-skin jacket was not with them.

The Lurch that Failed. On the plane manifest he was listed as Lucio Lee, but his real name was Ang Tiv-chuk; he had left Amoy, in South China, in 1947, and now was wanted by the Philippines for attempted murder.

The DC-3 had just taken off when Ang quietly slipped into the pilots' cabin. The two pilots, thinking that a passenger had come in for a view of the cockpit, glanced behind them—and looked straight into the barrel of Ang's .45 Colt. Ang thrust a typewritten note at them: "Do not be alarmed. I am a desperate man. This is a pickup. Do not talk to each other."

He ordered them to set a course for Amoy, some 500 miles away. Pilot Captain Pedro Perlas protested that the plane did not have enough fuel. Suddenly he threw the wheel over to the left, hoping that the 45° lurch would knock Ang off his feet. Instead, Ang kept his balance, fired two bullets into Captain Perlas. It was just a moment later that Purser Diago began hammering on the door. Swinging round, Ang fired through the door, and it was then that the passengers first knew something was up. Captain Perlas made a final effort to unfasten his seat belt. Ang shot him again in the back, killing him.

The Finger on the Trigger. The rest of the story is Copilot Felix Gaston's: "I thought to myself: I am a dead duck, a goner. Dear Lord, can't I even see my unborn child? I tried everything. I said I had eaten no breakfast and was dizzy. I pretended illness and asked for water and food. But he wouldn't open that door. I offered to intercede with [Defense Secretary Ramon] Magasayay for him. I said the left engine was stalling and that we had to ditch the plane. I put on a life

jacket, gave him one, and pretended to panic. He said O.K., look for land.

"I weighed the chances of rushing him, and I managed to unfasten my seat belt and remove the arm rest. But he kept watching every move I made. I tried to find out what he knew about planes and direction. We were at an altitude of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, and I reduced the power-setting so that we were flying at 120 m.p.h. He asked, why so slow, and pushed at the throttles. I told him to be more economical on the gas. I kicked the rudder and started into a turn, but he noticed. He was wearing a wrist compass. He said that if I went back to the Philippines he would kill me. He held that gun cocked every minute, with his finger on the trigger."

The White Handkerchief. The DC-3 was already over the Chinese mainland and within sight of Communist Amoy.



Ellen Auvinen

COPILOT FELIX GASTON

"I am a dead duck, a goner."

Gaston saw three flak bursts to starboard. A strange plane flew up. Gaston recognized the markings of a Chinese Nationalist patrol plane, and wagged his wings. The Chinese plane signaled to him to follow. Ang did not want to alter course, but when bullets began to rip into the DC-3 he borrowed a white handkerchief from Gaston and waved it at the other pilot.

Coming in to land, Copilot Gaston looked down, saw a parked aircraft with the letters C.A.T. (Civil Air Transport) on the fuselage, and banked away so that Ang would not see it. As soon as they taxied to the apron, Ang let himself out of the luggage hatch. But Gaston rushed through the cabin door, leaped across Purser Diago's body, past the terrified passengers, out into the arms of a swarming mass of Chinese soldiers—Chinese Nationalist soldiers, for their landing place was Quemoy Island, which is a Chiang Kai-shek outpost just outside the port of Amoy.

For the space of a few minutes the young Chinese in the leopard-skin jacket wandered about the Quemoy tarmac, under the illusion that he was safe in Communist territory. Then the soldiers closed in on him, for return to Philippine justice.

INDONESIA

Out goes the Sultan

The three-year-old Republic of Indonesia, which got its independence from the Dutch before it was ready for it, has a constitution (provisional) and an army (provisional). It has never had a general election. An election might make Indonesia more stable—if Indonesia were stable enough to hold an election.

One man who thought something should be done about this state of near-anarchy is handsome Hamengku Buwono, 40, Sultan of Jogjakarta and Indonesia's Defense Minister. A 24-carat Sultan with an impeccable anti-Dutch background and the strongest man in the government, he decided to pull together at least one corner of the disorganized fabric: the army. The Indonesian army is an unwieldy, unreliable mob of 250,000 poorly armed, badly disciplined ex-guerrillas who grabbed guns to fight the Dutch, stayed on as "soldiers." Enthusiastically backed by his professional high command, the Sultan ordered unit guerrillas dismissed and the army "limmed into a disciplined, modernized, Western-style force."

Three of its seven divisions promptly revolted against the Sultan Defense Minister while—to avoid charges of mutiny—professed continued allegiance to the chief of state. President Achmad Soekarno. Regiments fought within themselves and against each other.

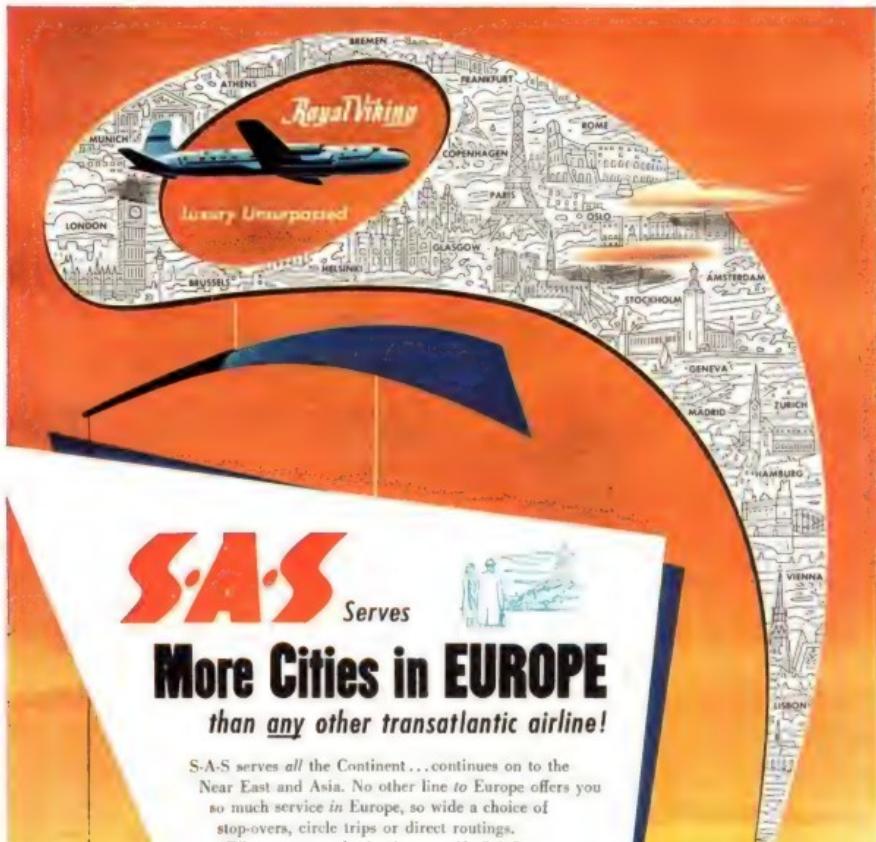
Confronted with this rebellion, the weak government fired the Sultan's pros, promoted the insurgents, and virtually handed them the army. Overwhelmed by futility, the Sultan last week resigned. His story, he said, would judge whether he had been right.

CHINA

"The Time Has Come"

It took the Bolsheviks ten years to proclaim their first five-year plan. Last week the eager pupil outdid the master: only three years after the Communist conquest of China, Peking proclaimed a five-year plan. Said Premier Chou En-lai: "With the national territory entirely liberated with the exception of [Formosa], with bandits now liquidated, and with agrarian reform nearly completed . . . the time has come."

Nobody specified what it would cost or what the planners planned. Best guess: concentration on metals and chemicals. "Some may ask whether large-scale construction is possible when our government is already so deeply engaged in a struggle in Korea with America," observed the Peking Daily. "The answer is unequivocal and positive. China must industrialize!"



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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Rosy Picture

A Royal Canadian Air Force C-5 transport lifted off Ottawa's snowy Rockcliffe Airport one morning this week, and headed south for Rio de Janeiro. Aboard the plane was C. D. Howe, Canada's go-getting Minister of Trade & Commerce, leading a group of government and business leaders on a five-week good-will tour of Latin America. The mission is the first of its kind Canada has sent to Latin America since 1946. Its announced purpose: "To present a picture of Canada's industrial growth and commercial aspirations so that business and government in the nine countries² will have their attention focused on Canada."

The picture of Canada's economy that Howe can paint for his Latino hosts is one of continuing boom in 1952 and even better prospects for 1953. With a population of only 14,500,000, Canada in 1952 pushed its gross national product to an estimated \$22,750,000,000, a per capita output second only to the U.S. More than \$5 billion was poured into new industry and capital investment, 90% of it by Canadians themselves. Employment and personal incomes rose to record highs, while prices leveled off and the cost of living dropped for the first time since 1949. And in 1952 the Canadian dollar, symbol of the national economy, rose above the U.S. dollar (current rate: \$1.03 U.S.) to become the world's hardest currency.

Among the other high spots of Canadian prosperity in 1952:

¶ Exports climbed to \$3,558 million in the first ten months of 1952, breaking all former records and piling up an estimated \$300 million surplus on the year's trading.

¶ Known reserves of Canadian oil, the industrial pacesetter since the discovery of Alberta's Leduc field in 1948, reached an estimated 1.7 billion barrels. More than \$300 million was spent in exploration last year, and an even faster investment pace is planned for 1953.

¶ Wheat bins are groaning with their greatest harvest in history: 687,923,000 bu. Estimated value of 1952 field crops: \$1.0 billion.

¶ Out of Canada's mines and mills rolled 1,800,000 tons of iron ore, 140,000 tons of nickel (90% of the free world's supply), 170,000 tons of zinc (an alltime record), 1,300,000 oz. of gold (worth \$155 million), and an ever-increasing supply of uranium for the West's atomic-energy programs.

Canada's proudest achievement is the fact that its recent development has been carried out on a strict pay-as-you-go basis, a business method that has gone out of fashion in most other parts of the



Capital Press Service

C. D. Howe
Pay-as-you-go paid off.

world. During 1952, Canada floated no foreign loans, relied entirely on outside risk capital (mostly from the U.S.) and on the savings of its own people to finance all its new ventures. As it has for the past six years, the national budget is heading for a surplus: the treasury was \$292 million to the good as the old year ran out.

It was no surprise that Canada's Finance Minister Douglas Abbott, returning from the recent Commonwealth Economic Conference, could report that other delegates had peppered him constantly with questions about Canada's progress. "At no time in our history," said Abbott, "have we been the object of such interest and respect in the eyes of other nations of the free world."

COLOMBIA

Battle of the Air Base

Colombia's three-year-old civil war is still dragging on. Ruling by decree, the Conservative government keeps a strong grip on the cities, but in the countryside, hardy Liberal partisans ("bandits" in the official communiques) wage constant guerrilla war against government outposts. Last week, in one of their boldest strikes yet, "bandidos" made a 3 a.m. New Year's Day raid on the important Palanquero air force base, 75 miles northwest of the capital.

Apparently, the raiders expected the base to be off guard as a result of New Year's Eve merrymaking and hoped to make a quick haul of arms and ammunition. But the sentries were on the alert, and the raiders soon found themselves caught in a one-sided fire fight. Outgunned, they fled into the night. Death toll, according to the government: 33 attackers, 7 defenders.

² Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Mexico

CHILE

Holiday Disaster

The fire may have been touched off by a holiday firecracker. It broke out early on New Year's Day in a waterfront lumberyard in Valparaiso, Chile's chief port and second city (pop. 240,000). Merrymakers gathered in thousands to watch as the flames roared through five huge stacks of lumber and spread to a few nearby buildings. It was a spectacular New Year's show. But within an hour, cheered on by their wives and children behind the police cordons, the firemen (volunteers, like all Chilean *bomberos*) seemed to be getting the blaze under control, and the watching crowds began to drift away again. Then the superintendent of an adjoining government warehouse rushed up to shout a warning: there were 1,214 lbs. of dynamite stored in the building. Before he had even finished gasping out his story, flames inside the building reached the dynamite boxes, and it was too late.

There was a roar, said Fire Captain Heriberto Surrey later, "as if a ten-ton aerial bomb had burst." A great jet of flame plumed skyward, cremating two firemen directing hoses atop their telescopic ladders. Dozens of bodies were hurled through the air in all directions. Steel beams and chunks of concrete hurtled through the ranked ranks of firemen, police and spectators. Three blocks away, a woman watching at an open window was beheaded by a piece of flying glass. Then oxygen tanks stored in the warehouse began exploding; gasoline and oil drums caught fire and burst, raining like napalm on the fleeing throng. Many were trampled to death. "Their cries," said Fireman Surrey, "were terrible to hear." A stump-armed firefighter careened through a gutted street shrieking: "Where is my hand?" Then he collapsed.

All night and next day rescue parties groped in the smoking, reeking rubble to uncover the living and identify the dead. By week's end, 51 dead had been identified, including 26 firemen and a news photographer. Probably no complete list of the dead could ever be compiled. Weeping relatives ransacked the hospitals, where many victims lay unconscious, so mutilated and thickly bandaged as to be unrecognizable.

It was Valparaiso's worst disaster since 4,000 lost their lives in the earthquake of 1906. Said President Carlos Ibáñez, after hurrying to the scene from Santiago: "There are no words to describe it." He called on Congress to vote aid to the injured, numbering at least 500, and to the relatives of the dead. Next day, amidst national mourning, he led the funeral procession from the cathedral to Playa Ancha cemetery on a hill overlooking the disaster scene. Then he ordered the arrest of the district highway engineer who had stored the dynamite in the warehouse without notifying firemen and local authorities.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The Gallup poll reported that for the fourth consecutive time, **Eleanor Roosevelt** was "the most admired woman" in the world. Next in order: **Queen Elizabeth II**, **Mamie Eisenhower**, **Clare Boothe Luce**, **Helen Keller**.

In Manhattan, the National Arts Foundation announced its selection of the top artists of 1952: Swedish Sculptor **Carl Milles**, whose 38-foot *Fountain of Faith* was unveiled in National Memorial Park, Falls Church, Va., last fall; Wagnerian Soprano **Kirsten Flagstad**, who made her farewell appearance at the Metropolitan

A hilarious New Year's Eve party in an exclusive Cannes nightclub gave birth to a new form of fun: pelting the aging **Aga Khan** with green cotton balls soaked in champagne. Said the indignant target: "This is terrible. I do not like this." Among the pelters: son **Aly Khan** and Cinemactress **Gene Tierney**, his latest Côte d'Azur romance.

Without tipping a drop himself, Tevis F. Morrow, 56, a relatively rich oilman by Dallas standards, showed Hollywood a Texas-type New Year's Eve party. He took over the entire Mocambo, Sunset Strip's expensive playspot, complete with two orchestras, three bars, wine list and kitchen. Among the items which impressed



Associated Press

OILMAN MORROW & FRIENDS*
"I think everybody had a good time."

Opera last spring; Dramatist **Sean (Cock-a-doodle Dandy) O'Casey**, "the most magnificent prose writer in the modern theater"; and the Dancers of Bali.

Italy's five-year law, which stripped citizenship rights from those who held office under Mussolini, expired last week. Among the 2,000-odd ex-Fascist officials who may now vote and hold public office: former Marshal Rodolfo Graziani; Prince Junio Valerio Borghese, leader of the neo-Fascist MSI group; and **Giuseppe Bottai**, onetime member of the Great Fascist Council.

In the closing days of a Moral Rearmament Movement assembly in New Delhi, **Frank Buchman**, founder and leader of the organization, was honored for his "services to the cause of world morality and peace." The award: a copy of the autobiography of **Mahatma Gandhi** (*My Experiments with Truth*), and a marble statue of a Hindu god.

the social reporters: imported 10-gallon hats for the guest list of 300, which included cinema's great and near great plus Parisienne Songstress **Edith Piaf**, Doris Duke, **Queen Mother Nazli** of Egypt, and Hotelman **Conrad Hilton**; 115 Cadillacs in the parking lot; five detectives hired to guard an estimated \$2,000,000 worth of party jewelry; a 5 a.m. breakfast of ham & eggs and champagne: the tab for the night, which came to \$25,000. Said Morrow: "It was worth it. I think everybody had a good time."

Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, Latin America's most celebrated political refugee, began his fifth year of residential sanctuary in the Colombian embassy in Lima, Peru. Leader of the outlawed Peruvian leftist APRA party at the time of the 1948 military coup, Haya fled to the embassy pleading the time-honored right of asylum.

* Dorothy Lamour, Jean Crawford, Mrs. Morrow.

On the eve of his 75th birthday celebration, Poet-Author **Carl Sandburg** (see Books) told a New York Times writer why it was that, in 1899, he flunked out as a West Point cadet: "It was arithmetic and grammar. Those verbs again. They are terrible things. Nouns are definite, the names of persons or things, but verbs cause all the trouble in the world. All lawsuits are about something coming between two nouns—those verbs."

Charlie Chaplin and family prepared to live in Switzerland for a while. In the mountain village of Corsier-sur-Vevey overlooking Lake Geneva, Chaplin paid \$200,000 for a 15-room manor, paid another \$8,000 to fill it with rented furniture for six months.

Israel's new President **Isaac Ben Zvi**, a plain-living and frugal man who lived for 26 years in a tar-papered wooden shack, refused to let the government buy him a mansion befitting his title. He finally settled for a small house with office space on the first floor, living quarters on the second, and a large hut in the yard for official receptions.

Playwright **Truman Capote** gave a reporter in Rome a hint about his next play, to be partly in verse. It will be located in the West Indies, he said, with an almost all colored cast, and is "about life in a house of ill fame or brothel or whatever you call these houses with women inmates."

Despite chills and a cold, Artist **Henri Matisse** marked his 83rd birthday by working in his studio in Nice.

In Albany, **Thomas E. Dewey** began his eleventh year as governor of New York, the second longest tenure in the state's history. The record: 21 years (1777-95, 1801-04) served by **George Clinton**, first governor of the state.

The Imperial Household Board in Tokyo released some New Year's poetry written by **Emperor Hirohito**. Samples:

Like symbols that show how abundant
was the year,
Rich in fruitful yields stand the rice
stalks row on row.
Far across wide paddyfields,

Always to pursue
The study of ancient writings,
Yet to understand
The knowledge that is new;
Then shall peace reign over the land.

In Manhattan, Sob-Singer **Johnnie Ray** finally admitted that his seven-month marriage to **Marilyn Morrison** ("the first girl who ever made me feel like a man") was over because of "complete incompatibility." Said Marilyn: "I was very much in love with Johnnie the day I married him. I love him today. But I cannot live with him." Said Johnnie: "Man, it wasn't that chick's fault. Because that chick tried."

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CIGARETTES

Way to a Man's Alimony

If a man is hungry enough he will eat anything in sight, but in times of plenty the choice between foods is often made on the basis of their emotional values. Dr. William Kaufman told psychologists at the American Association for the Advancement of Science meetings in St. Louis last week. A Bridgeport (Conn.) general practitioner, Dr. Kaufman has classified some special food compulsions he found in 1,200 of his own patients. Among the Kaufman classifications:

¶ Security foods, such as milk and milk products, to which some of his patients turned when under stress.

¶ Reward foods (chocolate, candy, hot dogs, nuts), on which some gorged when they felt sorry for themselves.

¶ Fetish foods for health and strength—highly advertised breakfast cereals for children. Ovaltine for insomniac adults. red meat and potatoes for laborers.

¶ Grown-up foods (coffee, tea, beer), which were forbidden in childhood, so that lavish use of them may reassure an individual of his adulthood.

¶ Prestige foods (caviar, truffles, expensive but smelly cheeses, vintage wines), often bought in large part for their snob appeal.

"Sometimes," said Dr. Kaufman, "a woman who resents her husband serves him none of the foods he enjoys. If her resentment reaches intense hatred, meat is scorched, bread is stale, vegetables are cold and soggy. The husband begins his retaliation by criticizing her food, and ends by paying her alimony."

"Women who envy the interesting time that men have at work often exaggerate their own kitchen martyrdom . . . to gain concessions and rewards. I know one woman who, on such a basis, got herself an ex-

tra television set, a fur coat, a small car and a separate bedroom—some husbands will do anything to insure their continuing to get a hot, home-cooked meal."

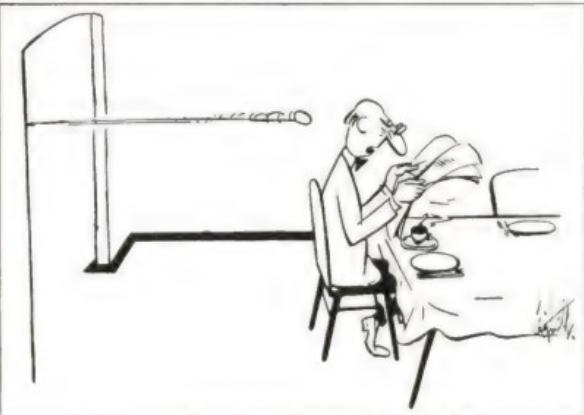
Food can be used to express emotions as well as to satisfy them, said Dr. Kaufman. If a guest insists "I can't possibly eat all that," he may mean just what he says, but he can also mean "I don't enjoy your company—you've taken my appetite away." Some day, Kaufman hopes, psychologists will take meals with their patients, to find out from what they eat what's eating them.

Psychiatry Up Front

Alongside its totals for dead and wounded from October's battles for the Kumwha ridges, the Eighth Army in Korea was checking another figure last week: manpower losses caused by mental illness. From just behind the front, Psychiatrist Robert J. Lavin sent in an encouraging report on the 7th Division. Of 250 men who had shambled into his tent during the month, said Captain Lavin, he had been able to send no fewer than 247 back to duty. The great majority went back to combat within four or five days, and most of the others got service (e.g., as stretcher bearers) in the forward area. Only three cases did Lavin send to a rear-area hospital in Seoul, and one of them soon returned to duty.

Reports trickling in from the other divisions along the frozen front followed the same general pattern. Clearly, the Army's up-forward treatment of psychiatric cases (TIME, Nov. 5, 1951) was paying big dividends.

Hot Potato. After years of backing & filling, the Army at last has a policy that seems to satisfy both the generals' cries for manpower and psychiatrists' pleas for enlightened treatment of battlefront



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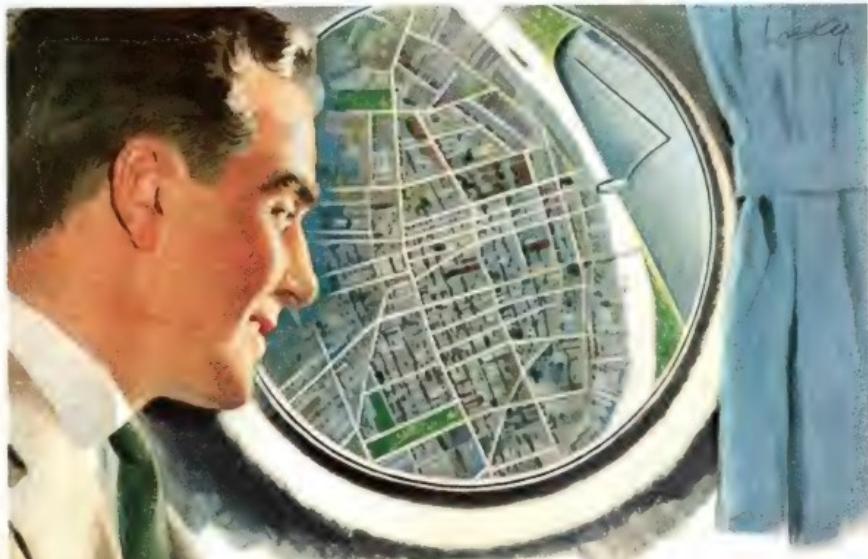
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CAPTAIN LAVIN & PATIENT
Nobody chickens out.

emotional cases. The policy began to emerge early in World War II. The Army swung away from the practice of treating every case of "combat fatigue" like a hot potato, sending the soldier back to rear-area hospitals, and often to a medical discharge which helped to make him a psychiatric case for life. The new idea was that most war neuroses do not originate in childhood fears but in a normal, understandable fear of being wounded or killed. And the aim was to get the men back into combat, on the double.

But the Army's policy pendulum swung too far. By 1944, battle-weary men were being browbeaten into going up front after insufficient psychiatric care, and they were being separated too long from their own units. Yet there was real progress in the fact that a psychiatrist was assigned to nearly every division; in the later stages of World War II about 60% of psychiatric cases went back to combat, while 50% more were fit for some kind of military duty.

"**You've Had It.**" Soon after the fighting began in Korea, the Army put its new doctrine, now well polished and better balanced, into practice. Every man is treated as close to the front as possible. He spends a minimum of time away from his own unit. He must never be encouraged to think that his upset may help him to escape from combat. On the contrary, he is told that he has just "had a bit too much," and should be back in there pitchin' in a day or two. Treatment centers bear no resemblance to hospitals, look like front-line units with tents and chow lines.

The Army sets up three levels at which psychiatric cases are treated. First is the battalion aid station. There, the battalion surgeon (though no psychiatrist) is supposed to single out the simple cases of fatigue and treat them on the spot with a day or two of rest, plenty of good hot

food, and a few words of reassurance. It helps, too, to remind a soldier that his buddies are still up there, taking it, and need him. Usually, the patient hates the idea of letting them down.

The next level is the division clearing station which has a psychiatrist. He may do no more than the battalion surgeon does, simply handling the battalion's overflow if there is a rush of cases. Or he may keep the patient a couple of days longer; his interviews are more searching, and he may have time to treat moderately severe cases with a "truth drug" and let the patient act out the battle experiences and emotions which bedevil him. Finally, there is the Eighth Army's hospital in Seoul, camouflaged under the name of a "holding company." Even there, patients from the front lines stay only a few days. If the psychiatrists are satisfied that a man cannot be fixed up then & there, they order him evacuated. But now such cases are rare indeed.

Hot Shower & Shave. Far more typical is the case of George, a 22-year-old private first class from New England. He had been in the line for six months and was beginning to suffer from shaking spells. Then, when his patrol was caught by enemy mortar fire, he saw two of his buddies killed. He collapsed. A corpsman found George shaking and crying, trying to dig a hole in the rocky Korean ground with his bare hands. At the division clearing station, when he heard friendly artillery fire, he jumped under his cot and clawed the ground. Sodium amytal and a firm but friendly psychiatrist helped George to relieve his troubles, and to see them for what they were. Within a week he was back with his outfit.

To the time-honored symptoms of "shell shock" and "combat fatigue" a new complication has been added: "rotation fever." Tom, 19, a draftee from the Midwest, was checking off on a pocket calendar the days before he would go home. Then the Communists struck. Tom was not hurt, but he got sick. He vomited, ached all over and shook like a leaf. He was soon passed back to Psychiatrist Lavin of the 7th Division.

Tom was half ashamed, but half hoping that he had something to save him from more front-line duty. Captain Lavin, an ex-sergeant (medical corps), knew the signs. He told Tom: "I used to be an enlisted man myself." But he went on. "There's nothing the matter with you—all you need is rest." Hot food, a hot shower, hot water for shaving and a night under blankets worked wonders. After listening to other men who had had it worse than he had, and another friendly chat with Lavin, Tom went up front again.

Captain Lavin sums up the Army's current policy in crisp G.I. language: "Nobody is going to chicken out if I can help it." Roughly four-fifths of Korea's psychiatric cases now go back promptly to combat. Nearly all the rest get forward duty in service companies. And the system works: of the men returned to duty after up-forward psychiatric care, only 10% have to come back for more.

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EDUCATION

An Obliging Man

[See Cover]

"On my grave," says Thornton Wilder, "they will write: 'Here lies a man who tried to be obliging.'" And he gives a nervous bark of laughter—the laugh, slightly louder than the occasion warrants, of a man accustomed to putting strangers at their ease.

No one could mistake this faintly fussy, professorial-looking character for a man of the people. Yet he has written some of the most authentic Americans of his time, and numbers among his friends prizefighters, Chicago gunmen, waitresses, and a gambler who is a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Full of bubble and bounce, he has the ready grin of the seasoned meete-of-people. He puts on no airs, and has an immense interest in human beings, young and old, whom he treats with fatherly didacticism ("I should scold you very severely," he told a girl of a few minutes' acquaintance).

Last fortnight he was in Innsbruck, Austria, lecturing to students on writing. A few days later he was in Munich, followed by a train of young people. A few days after that, he was in Switzerland. Wherever he went, he talked—in English, French or German—bouncing in & out of chairs, filling his young audience's ears with an endless stream of neat, witty, slightly pedantic but somehow most exciting talk.

Ostensibly, Thornton Niven Wilder was in Europe to finish a new play and to work on a book of essays. But as usual he was finding it impossible not to be obliging. The three-time Pulitzer Prize-winning author (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *Our Town*, *The Skin of Our Teeth*) was not acting like an orthodox author. In his 55 years, he rarely has.

Being obliging has taken up a great deal of Wilder's time and effort, but it has also given him an extraordinary education. Besides devouring the books of many nations, he has fed full on people and places, indulging his appetite for life as if "I was going to live 150 years." He speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish, has lived in Yucatan and Rome, Hong Kong and New Haven. He has sat at the feet of Gertrude Stein, stood by the sickbed of Sigmund Freud, acted as interpreter for Ortega y Gasset, hiked down the Rhone with Gene Tunney, hobnobbed with a Chicago gun-man named Golifghar.

He gives as freely as he gets. He has always been a teacher, often a professional teacher—at Lawrenceville, the University of Chicago, Harvard. He cannot go to a party without taking something along to read aloud: he cannot cross the ocean without becoming the Pied Piper of the ship. His habit of pacing about a room, lecturing to his friends ("Now, my *Kinder*, let me tell you . . ."), once led Theatrical Director Garson Kanin to remark: "Whenever I'm asked what college I've attended, I'm tempted to write 'Thornton Wilder.' " Over the years, Thornton Wilder College has taught a number of courses, in & out of classrooms. His latest course: what it is to be an American.

Life with Father. "Teaching," says Wilder, "is a natural expression of mine. It is part of my inheritance." His father, Amos Parker Wilder, was a Maine Congregationalist who took the pledge at seven, a Ph.D. in economics at Yale, and finally bought a newspaper in Madison, Wis. By the time a set of twins came along (Thornton's brother was stillborn), Amos Wilder had developed his own notions of education. Outside his own home, he was all charm and wit: as an after-

dinner speaker, he could rival Chauncey Depew. But in his own home, he was a domine indeed.

His wife Isabella had French blood in her veins and gaiety in her heart, and she, too, had notions about education. While Amos read Scott, Dickens and Shakespeare for their moral lessons ("He thought that *King Lear* was about how fathers should be nice to their daughters," says Thornton), his wife read Yeats and Maeterlinck for their beauty. Mr. Wilder was always fearful for his children's spiritual safety, and was forever lecturing them on how to defend themselves against a wicked world. "Now, dear boy," he would say, twirling his amethyst watch lob, "even if you are at a bishop's table and you are served wine, I want you inconspicuously to turn down the glass." ("He meant 'conspicuously,'" Thornton smiles.)

Thornton was the second of five children, and his father had anxious plans for each of them. Amos, the eldest, was to be a minister (he is now professor of New Testament at Chicago); Charlotte a doctor (she became a professor and poet); Isabel a nurse (she became a novelist); and Janet a scientist (she gave up zoology for marriage). When it came to Thornton, father Wilder had little hope: "Poor Thornton, poor Thornton," he would say, "he'll be a burden all his life."

Chefoo to Cheesecloth. Thornton was certainly different. Whatever school he attended—the Kaiser Wilhelm School in Shanghai, where his father served as consul general, the missionary school at Chefoo, the public schools of Berkeley, Calif., the Thacher School at Ojai, Calif.—he was the delight and despair of his teachers. A shy, skinny boy in knee pants, he was wrapped in a cloud of make believe; his greatest pleasure was to dress his sisters up in cheesecloth and get them to act one of his own one-act plays.

At Berkeley's Emerson Grammar School,



WILDER IN "OUR TOWN"
"It is difficult to be an American."

Ralph Morse Photo



WILDER AT HARVARD

"Now, my Kinder, let me tell you . . ."

he was already reading Russian authors, and during study periods, he would spring from his seat to pace about the rear of the classroom, a book in his hand. He never cared what his classmates thought of him, or how he looked, or whether his shoe-laces were tied. Nor does he care today; his tie is frequently askew, his suits (he has four) slightly wrinkled. He lapped up mythology ("Vulcan," he wrote at eleven, "was the god of goldsmiths, ironsmiths, leadsmiths, silversmiths, coppersmiths, brassmiths and Mrs. Smiths—there, now, I'm all out of breath"). He harassed the public library for Shakespeare, George Moore and Mme. de Sévigné. He wrote letters to an imaginary friend called George: "I must go now as I am up for a fight with a boy named Saul who called me a freak and announced his intention of making a dessert for pigs of me if I did not take off my hat before him . . . Lovingly, Thornton Niven Wilder."

Pigs & Princesses. At the Thacher School, Thornton wrote a play called *The Russian Princess—An Extravaganza!*, covered his first-year algebra book with the tables of contents for imaginary books ("Quadratics in those days could be supported only with the help of a rich marginal commentary"). By that time, Mr. Wilder had decided that Thornton should spend his summers working on a farm. Thornton worked—after his fashion. He fed the pigs, dreamily pitched the hay, declaimed "to the cows in the stanchions the judge's speech from Barrie's *The Legend of Leonora*."

When the time came for college, Mr. Wilder decided that Yale, his own alma mater, was too worldly for his boys, so Amos and Thornton went to Oberlin. There Thornton fell under the spell of a great teacher, Professor Charles Wager was a kindly quiet man who described himself as an "umbrelate nature" (one who lives in the shadows of great men); but when he

spoke of Victorian literature, or carried his students on the tide of his enthusiasm from Homer to Dante, the shadows vanished. From Wager, Thornton learned a lesson he was never to forget: "Every great work was written this morning."

"Oh, Tut-Tut-Tut . . ." After two years of Oberlin, World War I took Thornton into a coast-defense unit ("I rose by sheer military ability to the rank of corporal"). But by that time he was a Yaleman after all. Thornton wrote for the *Lit*, joined the Elizabethan Club, quoted Goethe with Sophomore Robert Hutchins. Thornton's room became a salon, where he would read his plays aloud or hold forth on the gloomy beauties of George Gissing. Professor William Lyon Phelps exclaimed: "I believe he is a genius!" Mr. Wilder demurred: "Oh, tut-tut-tut, Billy, you're puffing my boy up way beyond his parts."

After Yale Thornton needed a job, and teaching seemed to be about all he was good for. Mr. Wilder decided he should go to the American Academy in Rome, where he could improve his Latin by studying archaeology. For nine months, Thornton basked in Rome. Then a cable from his father called him home: "HAVE JOB FOR YOU TEACHING NEXT YEAR LAWRENCEVILLE, LEARN FRENCH." Thornton hastily set about learning to teach it.

Greatest Profession. One autumn day in 1923, expecting to be met by the headmaster demanding the past participles of French verbs, Thornton arrived on the oak-studded campus near Trenton, N.J. There, for six years, while his expatriate contemporaries were scribbling and scrounging on the Left Bank, Wilder nursed and nudged a generation of Lawrenceville boys. "I am the only American of my generation," says he, "who did not 'go to Paris'."

He performed his duties with gusto. His big study in Davis House was always

crowded, but neither the babbles nor the questions ever bothered him. Each night, "after the lights of the house were out, and the sheaf of absurd French exercises corrected and indignantly marked with red crayon," the boys in the rooms below would hear him begin his mighty pacing. Then they knew that "Mr. Wilder is writing." During his months in Rome, he had filled dozens of blankbooks with notes for a series of character sketches. By 1926 he had finished his first novel, *The Cabul*.

Pieces of Ivory. The book was a critical success. It was a mannered, exotic tale about a circle of aristocrats "so powerful and exclusive that . . . Romans refer to them with hated breath." ("Tell Mr. Wilder," said one of the high-born ladies with some amusement, "that we are not really so interesting.") The book was a precocious effort of a precocious young man, groping for something as yet beyond his powers. He hinted that his characters were ancient gods in modern dress, and that one minor figure was a portrait of Keats. In effect, Wilder had bundled Rome's entire past into one package and labeled it "1926." This, says he, was something he learned at the American Academy: "If you have ever wielded an archaeologist's pickax, you are never the same again. You see Times Square as if it were an archaeological specimen 2,000 years from now."

In the '20s, he seemed to be concerned with everything but America. In 1925-26 he took a year's leave from Lawrenceville to study for an M.A. at Princeton in French literature. In a one-act play by Mérimée, he found the germ of an idea for another book. One day he sat down and wrote: "On Friday noon, July the twentieth, 1714, the finest bridge in all Peru broke and precipitated five travelers into the gulf below." Thus began *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

To the amazement of his publishers—



"THE HOUSE THE BRIDGE BUILT"
With lobster Newburgh, cocoa and brandy.

Dickens Finch

and of his father ("Well, of course, dear boy, I suppose every dog must have its day . . .")—the *Bridge* was a runaway success. Its style was highly polished, its theme somewhat ambiguous, but "everybody" read it or talked about it. The hashful schoolteacher was suddenly famous. "A star of the first magnitude!" cried Billy Phelps. "The stuff of genius!" echoed William Rose Benét. The *Bridge* won the Pulitzer Prize, sold 300,000 copies in a year, was translated into French, German and three other languages. In Peru, tourist guides managed to find a site for the bridge that Wilder had invented.

On the strength of his success, Wilder resigned from Lawrenceville and wrote a third novel. *The Woman of Andros*, inspired by a play of Terence, was equally polished,⁶ and it, too, was a success. As the royalties poured in, Wilder built his parents a house in New Haven ("the house the *Bridge* built"), and took his sister Isabel off to Europe. He dined with Arnold Bennett, heard G. B. Shaw lecture Mrs. Hardy on the merits of vegetarianism ("In the next room, my wife will lay before you the decaying carcasses of animals"). He went to Berlin, attended the

theater almost every night, continued a project of reading all the great books of Germany.

Slaves & Cool Mines. But as the '30s wore on, the "star of the first magnitude" began to dim a bit. Social significance was in the ascendant, and left-wing realism the rage. Wilder began to be referred to as the "Emily Post of culture . . . the prophet of the genteel Christ . . ." Cried the *New Republic*: "Where are the modern streets of New York, Chicago and New Orleans in these little novels? . . . Where are the child slaves of the beet fields . . . [the] death of the coal miners? . . . Let Mr. Wilder write a book about modern America."

Eventually Mr. Wilder did write a book about America, but it did not please the poets of the proletariat. George Brush, hero of *Heaven's My Destination*, was a little like Wilder himself. Brush badgered people on trains ("Brother, can I talk to you about the most important thing in life?"), laid down the law to women ("Women who smoke are unfit to be mothers"), generously helped burglars to loot ("Because I have a theory . . ."), and scribbled soul-saving mottoes on hotel blotters. To some critics, the witty *Heaven's My Destination* seemed little more than a joke—and it was not the time for jokes.

In 1936, when his old friend Robert Hutchins, the new president of the University of Chicago, invited him to join the faculty, he accepted with joy. It was an experience that neither Wilder nor Chicago was ever to forget.

Swinging Heads. For aspiring young authors, admission to Wilder's course in creative writing (limited to 15 students) was an accolade. His lectures on "The Classics in Translation" were open to all and sundry, and all and sundry came. It was the big campus show, with Wilder the happiest and hammiest of stars. He

would fling his arms about, jump from the platform and leap back again. Talking at trip-hammer speed, he was sometimes in the front of the class, sometimes in the back, sometimes at the window waving to friends. Necks craned to keep up with him; heads swung back & forth as if watching a tennis game. Wilder could play the blind Homer, a Greek chorus or the entire siege of Troy. He shook his finger at imaginary demons, crouched behind his podium, peeked out from under chairs. Even his pauses were planned, with an actor's timing, to keep his audience in suspense.

But teaching was more than lecturing; it was also being "ready to answer every knock at the door." At all hours of the day and far into the night, a steady stream of students would pound up the stairs to his tower room in Hitchcock dormitory. They took him to nightclubs, whirled him about the Loop. Wilder took it all in and asked for more. He met Texas Guinan ("Come on up here, Thornton," she would say in a nightclub, "Folks give Thornton a nice hand. He's the best little writer in these United States"), talked with truck drivers, struck up acquaintanceships with scores of waitresses ("If you've been there three times, they stand there picking their teeth. I don't pinch. I just relish human beings").

He also persuaded the university to invite Gertrude Stein to give a series of lectures. That was the beginning of a rewarding friendship. Later, when he resigned from Chicago and set off again for Europe, he headed for her villa in Bilignin, France.

Invitation to Wander. There, while she rocked back & forth in her chair with her little dog Lolo in her lap, Gertrude Stein talked and talked. She talked among other things, about America. As Wilder listened, all his lessons—the digging at Rome, Wagner's "Every great work was written this morning"—fell into place. Gertrude Stein made a distinction between human nature and the human mind. Human nature, she said, clings to identity, to location in time and place. The human mind has no identity; it gazes at pure existing and pure creating, and "it knows what it knows when it knows it." It can be found in masterpieces, for masterpieces alone report the ever-unfolding and the boundless Now. But it can also be found in America, which was brought up to believe in boundlessness, America's very geography, said Stein, is "an invitation to wander."

With these ideas ringing in his mind, Wilder wrote *Our Town*. One of the first people he showed it to was his friend Edward Sheldon, the wise father-confessor of the theater. "Of course," said Sheldon, "you have broken every law of playwriting. You've aroused no anticipation. You've prepared no suspense. You've resolved no tensions." Sheldon was right. *Our Town* had no scenery, and only a hint of a plot. It was really the story of all towns, in all times and places.

In spite of all its law breaking, Sheldon loved *Our Town*—and so, it turned out, did Broadway. On opening night, someone asked Alexander Woolcott, who had tears

* With half a tongue in cheek, Wilder likes to say that the first paragraph of *The Woman of Andros* is "one of the most beautiful in the English language." The paragraph begins: "The earth sighed as it turned in its course; the shadow of night crept gradually along the Mediterranean, and Asia was left in darkness. The great cliff that was one day to be called Gibraltar held for a long time a gleam of red and orange, while across from it the mountains of Atlas showed deep blue pockets in their shining sides. The caves that surround the Neapolitan gulf fell into a penumbra shade, each giving forth from the darkness its chiming or its booming sound. Triumph had passed from Greece and wisdom from Egypt, but with the coming on of night they seemed to regain their lost honors, and the land that was soon to be called Holy prepared in the dark its wonderful burden . . ."



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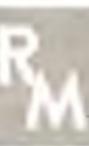
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in his eyes what he thought of it. Said he, with his customary extravagance: "I'd rather comment on the 2nd Psalm."

Ice & Flood. After such a quiet play, Wilder's rambunctious *The Skin of Our Teeth* proved to be a jolt—so much so that some 75 backers promptly backed away. It was a sort of *Heilzapoppin* with brains, the story of Everyman (Mr. Antrobus) and the whole human race. Its action spread over 5,000 years, took in the Flood, the Ice Age and Armageddon. "*Our Town*," says Wilder, "is the life of the family seen from a telescope five miles away. *The Skin of Our Teeth* is the destiny of the whole human group seen from a telescope 1,000 miles away."

Though one of the things audiences liked about these plays was their refreshing contrast to the orthodox theater, Wilder makes no claims to originality. "My writing life," says he, "is a series of infatuations for admired writers," and he freely acknowledges his debt. He is not a "maker of new modes," but a "renewer of old treasure." Nor does he make any pretense to profundity. All important truths, he insists, lie slumbering inside everyone. A novel or a play is merely the key that springs the lock: "Literature is the orchestration of platitudes."

But Orchestrator Wilder was concerned with more than literature. He was also concerned with saying something about America. What is it to be an American? It was not until four years after the war, when he was invited to give the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, that he answered that question in full.

Hints & Hand Clapping. By the time Wilder arrived in Cambridge, he had served as a combat-intelligence officer with the Air Force in Italy, had recently published a brilliant novel about the Rome of Julius Caesar, *The Ides of March*. He had also plunged deep into the study of U.S. authors: Whitman, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, Emily Dickinson. Out of these, he formulated his thesis.

From the point of view of the European, an American is nomad in relation to place, disattached in relation to time, lonely in relation to society, and insubmissive to circumstance, destiny, or God. It is difficult to be an American, because there is as yet no code, grammar, decalogue by which to orient oneself. Americans are still engrossed in inventing what it is to be an American . . .

Americans could count and enjoyed counting. They lived under a sense of boundlessness. And every year a greater throng of new faces poured into their harbors, paused, and streamed westward. And each one was one. To this day, in America thinking, a crowd . . . is not a homogeneous mass . . . but is one and one and one . . .

"Every human being who has existed can be felt by us to be existing now. All time is present for a single time. Every American has this sense, for the American is the first planetary mind. Americans have the realization of the multiplicity of human beings and their geographical extension. Many problems which seem in-



Gertrude Stein Collection, Yale University Library

GERTRUDE STEIN & FRIEND
 "It knows what it knows when it knows it."
 soluble will be solved when the world realizes that we are all bound together as the population of the only inhabited star."

Bustle offer 5. Wilder seems determined to get acquainted with as much of that population as he can. Between restless peregrinations, he settles for brief periods in the "house the *Bridge* built" in New Haven. It is a simple, sunlit house perched on top of a hill; Wilder's sister Isabel keeps house. When he is there, he usually gets up at 7 ("The bell of Lawrenceville still rings in my head") and goes out for breakfast—sometimes to the railroad station, a three-mile walk. He eats whatever he feels like eating. "What did you have for lunch?" Woolcott once asked him. "Lobster Newburgh, cocoa and bran-



FATHER WILDER
 "Turn down the glass."

dy." Said Woolcott with a shudder: "That's the *worst* meal since the Borden Breakfast."¹⁶

New Havenites often see him striding about the town, reciting to himself the paragraphs that will soon be transferred verbatim to his notebooks. Like most authors, Wilder hates to write. Sometimes he plays hooky in the Yale library ("I flip through an archaeological journal and read a piece about a new excavation in Herculaneum. I even read medical journals"). He "does" *Finnegan's Wake*, pores over Kierkegaard, works at his hobby of dating the plays of Lope de Vega, strums on the piano, or reads a score of a Palestrina Mass. After lunch he usually takes a long nap. After 5, visitors come ("I like bustle after 5"). Then, pacing about his living room, consumed with his latest enthusiasm, Wilder will talk on & on into the night. Sometimes he goes "roaming"—long solitary rambles.

But New Haven—or any other place—can never hold him long. To yield to all, said Gertrude Stein of him, is "not to yield at all." The day always comes when he packs up a couple of suits, throws in his stacks of unanswered mail, and heads for the station. A few days later, a waitress in Tucson is apt to find herself in deep conversation with a kindly, grey-haired gentleman from the East; or a bellhop in Paris will note the loquacious American who talks with such intensity in the hotel lobby; or a group of students in Germany will hear a lecture delivered with much wagging of eyebrows and flourishing of hands by a distinguished author from the U.S.

For one of his years and talents, he has written comparatively little. And he has enough to write about to fill those 150 years he would perhaps like to live. Even if he never writes another book or another play, however, the world in general and the U.S. in particular will certainly consider itself much obliged to Thornton Wilder.

In Name & Fact

Meeting on Morningside Heights this week, the trustees of Columbia University made short work of picking a successor to General Dwight D. Eisenhower. To be tenth president of Columbia they named Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, 49, the political scientist who has filled the job in all but name ever since Eisenhower became NATO's Supreme Commander 24 months ago.

Seldom has a large university had so little trouble finding a president with so much executive experience. Even before he was graduated from Miami University in 1924, Kirk put in a year as principal of an Ohio high school. He went to Columbia in 1930 as an associate professor of government, soon proved to be an able administrator as well as a fine teacher. By 1943 he was a full professor; in 1948 he was director of the university's European



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¹⁶ The breakfast the Bonnen family ate before Lizzie Borden allegedly took an ax and gave her parents 40 whacks—mutton stew or soup, sugar cookies and bananas.



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(A true story based on Company File #205417)

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Institute, in 1949 was appointed provost and later vice president. He also found time to serve on the U.S. delegation at Dumbarton Oaks and to help set up the U.N. Security Council in San Francisco.

A trim, vigorous scholar, Dr. Kirk has already demonstrated his ability to manage the complicated affairs of the university. There will be little new to him about his new job except the title, the salary (a reported \$30,000 a year) and use of the stately old president's mansion that was occupied so long (1912-47) by the late Nicholas Murray Butler and so briefly by Dwight Eisenhower.

Report Card

¶ After listening to testimony for six months and plowing through thousands of pages of reports, a "select committee" of the House found that the nation's educational and philanthropic foundations have made a good record in resisting Communist infiltration. "A few small foundations," said the committee, "became captives of the Communist Party. Here and there a foundation board included a Communist or a Communist sympathizer . . . There remains the ugly, unalterable fact that Alger Hiss became the president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace . . . that Frederick Vanderbilt Field became the secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations." But the foundations' guilt, the committee noted, was "principally [in] indulging the same gullibility which infected far too many of our loyal and patriotic citizens . . . The mistakes they made are unlikely to be repeated."

¶ Gift of the week: \$3,050,000 left to educational, cultural and civic organizations by Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont, widow of the late J. P. Morgan's partner, Thomas W. Lamont, longtime board chairman of Morgan's banking house. Largest slice of the bequest (\$2,950,000) went to women's colleges because "women's education is just as important for our country as men's education." Items: to Smith College, \$1,200,000 as a "token of my special indebtedness for four happy and stimulating years"; to Barnard College, \$100,000 for being "the leading women's college of my home city"; to Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Mount Holyoke, Vassar and Columbia; \$250,000 each; to the Harvard Divinity School, \$200,000 on condition that it raises or appropriates another \$4,000,000; to Union Theological Seminary, \$200,000 "to halt the rising tide of secularism in the world today"; to the New School for Social Research, "a pioneer in the field of adult education," \$100,000; to the Academy of American Poets, \$100,000 to "stimulate the writing of more good poetry in the United States"; to the American Civil Liberties Union, \$25,000 because "I believe, with the Union, that the true American tradition of democracy means civil liberties for everyone, and nothing less"; to the American Friends Service Committee, \$25,000 for its "fine and unselfish program of social action throughout the world."



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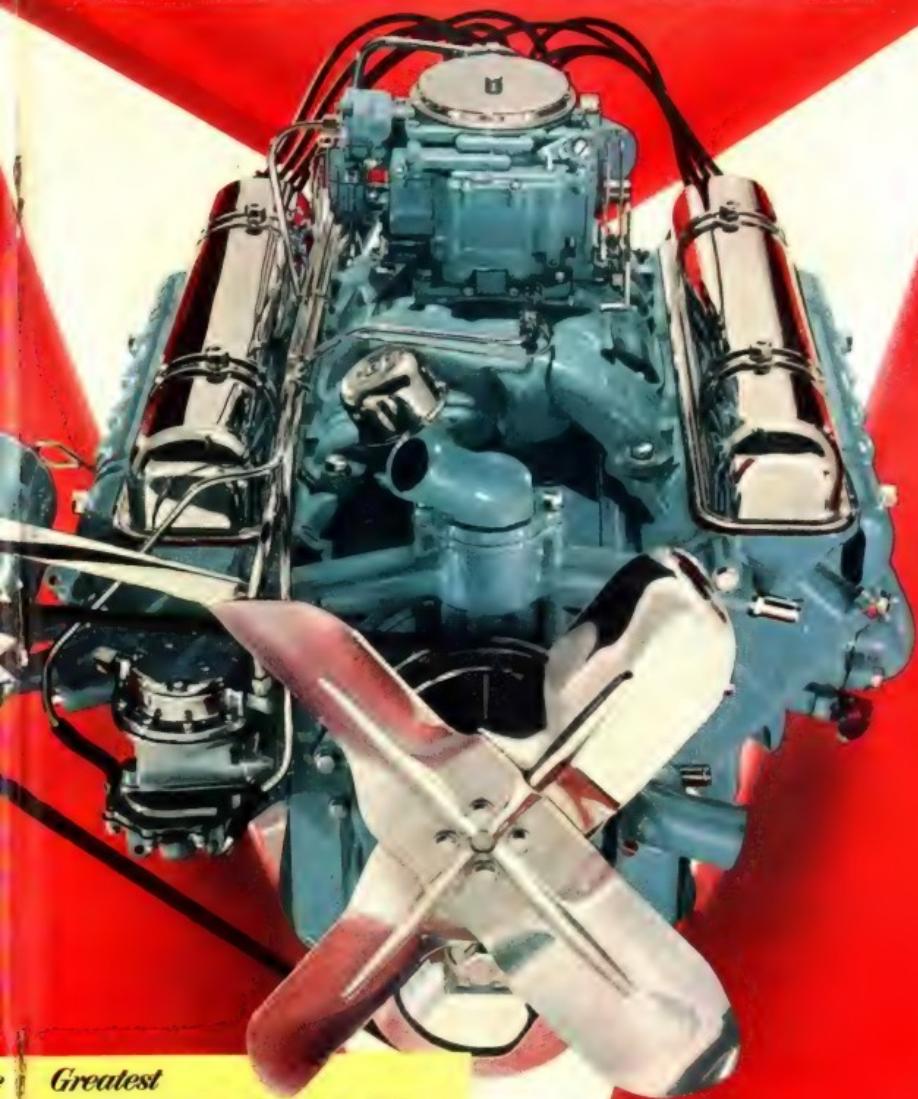
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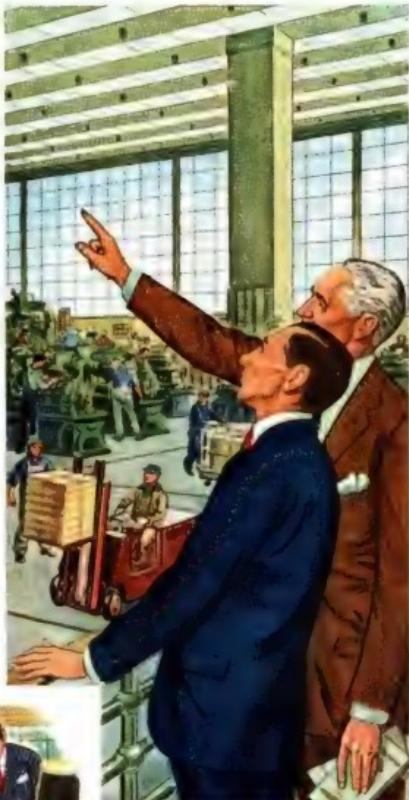
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RELIGION

Minister at Large

Presbyterian Louis H. Evans, 55, is one of the most successful clergymen in the U.S. In his 30 years of pastoral work, he has swept into churches from Pittsburgh to Pomona, Calif., with the kind of contagious enthusiasm that transforms backsliders into church elders, and the kind of organizing ability that soon makes any church deficit an object of purely historical interest.

In twelve years as pastor of Hollywood's First Presbyterian Church, he has not only made it the largest in the denomination (present membership: 6,400) but also given the scattered membership a personalized, closely bound organization almost without equal, e.g., there are 325 different societies to which a member of the First Church may belong (TIME, Aug. 25, 1947).

Pastor Evans, a big (6 ft. 4½ in.) brisk man, is also a compelling preacher. Besides his four Sunday sermons, he gives an average of four major addresses each week, not counting informal talks. To make his tightly packed lecture schedules, his wife Marie often drives him from one engagement to another while he sits in the back seat of the car peeking out his next speech on a specially built typewriter stand.

Outside the Orbit. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has long been aware of Dr. Evans' talents. Last year, on the 150th anniversary of Presbyterian home missions in the U.S., his fellow Presbyterians discussed using them in a new and nationwide ministry. Their object: to reach the millions of Americans who need some religious help but who exist outside the neatly traced orbits of local church congregations.

Last fall President Jean S. Milner of



REUTERS News Service

INDIAN CHRISTIANS AT KOTTAYAM

The water turned to flowers.

the Presbyterian Board of National Missions sent Pastor Evans an unprecedented job offer. "We need you, Lou," he wrote, "to perform a unique ministry to this nation which is not now being fulfilled by any Protestant church . . . We need your ministry in a preaching mission in our great American cities from coast to coast, and in the huge gatherings in conventions of leaders of labor, of education, of industry . . . in a spiritual ministry carried directly to a whole nation."

Fortnight ago, after a long time thinking the offer over, Pastor Evans accepted. He said a provisional goodbye to his Hollywood congregation and announced that his new job will begin on March 1. His title: Minister at Large for the Presbyterian Board of National Missions. His headquarters will be at the church's national offices in Manhattan.

"What Shall I Cry?" In this work, Dr. Evans will spend half the year writing and preparing his talks, the other six months on the road, preaching to men in the armed services, at colleges, church gatherings and various secular meetings. A good Presbyterian, he objects to being called the "voice" of his church, but he will do his level best to get the message of the church across wherever anyone wants to hear it.

Said Dr. Evans last week: "I'm just an ordinary run-of-the-pastor to whom God has given a splendid opportunity for partnership . . . Preaching is the hardest job in the world. I so often feel like Isaiah when he said, 'Cry, cry, what shall I cry?*' I shall do the best I can. My continual question to myself will be, 'How can I make Christ attractive?'"

* Isaiah 6:8: "The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."



PRESBYTERIAN EVANS
Backsliders become church elders.

St. Thomas in India

When 16th century European priests arrived in southern India to introduce Christianity, they were told that a more famed Christian missionary had been there first. In the districts of Travancore and Cochin, there was already a community of Indian Christians with a tradition of loose communion with the Roman Catholic Church. The man who first converted them, the Indians said, was none other than St. Thomas the Apostle (the "Doubting Thomas"), who reputedly arrived in India aboard a Roman trading vessel in 52 A.D.

Whether St. Thomas actually preached under the palm trees of Travancore and Cochin is a point that historians have neither proved nor disproved. But nowadays there are 2,357,000 Indian Christians in the area, and for the past month, giving St. Thomas the benefit of the doubt, they have been celebrating the 1500th anniversary of his landing.

Three Drops of Honey. According to tradition, St. Thomas made his first conversions by a miracle. At the village of Palur, he found some Brahman priests throwing handfuls of water into the air as they performed their purification prayers. Thomas threw some water into the air himself, and it hung suspended in the form of sparkling flowers. Tradition continues that most of the Brahmins embraced Christianity on the spot, and that the rest fled. To this day, no orthodox Brahman will take a bath in Palur.

Although St. Thomas was later killed (one legend says he was pierced by spears), the religion founded by him or later missionaries took firm hold. By the sixth century there were Indian churches in contact with the Christian bishops of Syria. In 881, King Alfred the Great sent an English bishop to make an offering for him at St. Thomas' shrine in Mylapore. But contact with the West was precarious, and by the end of the Middle Ages the Indian church was practically forgotten.

In their isolation, the Indians developed



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surprisingly few originalities of dogma. But they did intersperse their religious rites with local Hindu practices. Like Hindus, Indian Christian women have always worn large gold earrings in the upper part of their ears. The Christians preserve Hindu-style observances for birth, marriage and death, e.g., when a child is born, its father pours into its mouth three drops of honey in which gold has been dipped.

Festive Coconuts. The Portuguese, during their rule in India, tried to stamp out native Christian practices and enforce strict conformity to Latin rituals. In reaction, many Indian Christians broke away from Rome. Called "Jacobites," after Jacob al-Baradai, a 6th century Syrian bishop, they now number 800,000. Another group, the St. Thomas Christians (membership: 200,000), broke away in turn from the Jacobites, under Protestant influence, in 1837. About 1,000,000 "Romo-Syrians" have remained faithful to the Roman Catholic Church, although they use Syriac and their native language in their liturgy.

For the last month, each of the Christian groups has been having a separate celebration for St. Thomas. Jacobites and St. Thomas Christians held observances at Kottayam and Trichur. Last week the Romo-Syrians held the biggest celebration. Led by a special papal delegate, Australia's Norman Cardinal Gilroy, so archbishops and bishops gathered at Ernakulam, the old capital of Cochin. After the cardinal's special train, decorated with festive bunches of coconuts and bananas, pulled into the station, a crowd of 100,000 led the visiting clergy to Christnagar (Christ town). As the cardinal passed through the streets, fireworks were set off and Christian youths sang long recitations, to the accompaniment of harmonicas and cymbals, about the mission of St. Thomas the Apostle to their country 1900 years ago.

It Is More Blessed . . .

With 19 acres of good Toledo land to sell, the Owens-Illinois Glass Co. found itself in a seller's market—and mighty embarrassed about it. One would-be purchaser was the City of Toledo, which wanted to enlarge an adjacent playground. Also in the bidding were the nuns of St. Ursula's Convent, who aimed to build a Roman Catholic school on the land. Finally, Rabbi Morton Goldberg's Congregation B'nai Israel wanted the plot for a new synagogue, school and library. After due reflection, Owens-Illinois suggested that the three would-be purchasers settle the problem around a table.

Last week Congregation B'nai Israel bought the whole piece. Rabbi Goldberg's congregation took a little over six acres for itself. The nuns received 11.7 acres, and the city close to an acre—following a division made a month before, after all three parties had set down their minimum space needs. Instead of prorating the cost, B'nai Israel's trustees voted unanimously to pay the whole amount, give the convent and the city their shares free. Said Mother Vincent de Paul of St. Ursula's: "A wonderful Christmas present."



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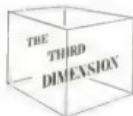
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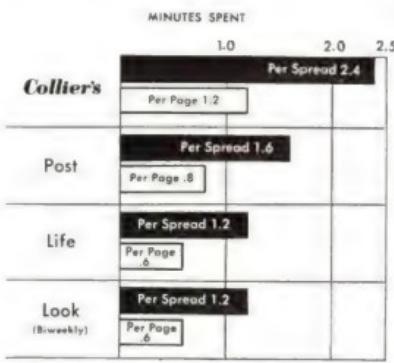
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SCIENCE

African Ancestor

Ichthyologist James Leonard Brierley Smith, of Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa, made a formal call last week on stony old Prime Minister Malan. He walked across the lawn of Malan's Cape Town residence and reverently laid a treasure at the Prime Minister's feet. It was a bony, clumsy-looking fish about 5 ft. long, smelling of Formalin and incipient putrefaction. The Prime Minister looked at it dubiously. He is a former dominie of the Dutch Reformed Church, which does not believe in evolution.

"You mean to tell me," he asked, "that

grated. Its soft parts had turned to mush, leaving only its bones and armorlike scales. Then & there Dr. Smith swore an ichthyological oath: he would find another coelacanth. Somewhere in East African waters there must be more of them.

For 15 years he searched, visiting savage coasts and coral islands. He almost lost an arm to a 10-ft. shark, was nipped by a poisonous fish. "I was stung, stabbed and bitten," he recalls, "by fishes, fishes, and still more fishes." But never a coelacanth rose to bite him with its catlike teeth.

Formalin for Posterity. About two weeks ago, Dr. Smith got a cablegram from Captain Eric Hunt, former British



Associated Press

ICHTHYLOGIST SMITH & COELACANTH
Saved by a syringe.

we looked like that 300 million years ago? It's very ugly."

"I've seen uglier human beings," said Dr. Smith, who had already named the fish *Malania anjouanae*, in honor of the Prime Minister. To Dr. Smith, the fish was worth all the diamonds in South Africa. It was the end of a 15-year search.

Blue-Eyed Monster. Dr. Smith's long quest began in 1938, when a South African trawler caught an odd, steel-blue fish off East London. The fish had large blue eyes, teeth like a cat, and four clumsy fins that looked a bit like legs. It lived for three hours, oozed oil from under its scales, bit the captain, and was taken ashore, where a local naturalist recognized it as a coelacanth (pronounced *see-la-kanth*), a fish which zoologists had believed extinct for at least 50 million years. Coelacanths appeared 300 million years ago and were much like the primitive, sea-keeping ancestors of all land vertebrates, including man.

Dr. Smith hurried to East London, but before he arrived, the fish had disinte-

naval officer, amateur zoologist, and master of a small, coastal-trading vessel. A coelacanth had been caught, said Hunt, in the Mozambique Channel near Madagascar. Dr. Smith had better come quick, before it turned to mush like the other one.

Smith grabbed a phone and called Prime Minister Malan. It was midnight, and the Prime Minister was in bed and asleep. He stumbled to the telephone in his pajamas and heard the excited ichthyologist pleading for an airplane to take him to the fish. Malan acted quickly. Next morning a Dakota (DC-3) of the South African air force took off for the Mozambique Channel, with Dr. Smith fretting in the cabin. It made a landing on the small French island of Dzaoudzi, more than 1,500 miles away. There Dr. Smith found his fish, rank but undecayed, on Trader Hunt's little ship. He knelt on the deck and wept.

The fish had been caught by a native near Anjouan, another small island. Trader Hunt heard of it and rushed to the rescue. He had no ice to preserve the prize,

but he borrowed a syringe from a medical officer and injected it with Formalin.

Now the coelacanth lies in state in Dr. Smith's laboratory, amid a buzz of excitement. The dissection, study, description and discussion of the fish named after Prime Minister Malan will keep zoologists happily engaged for many years. It may not prove to be in the direct line of land-vertebrate evolution, but it is certainly close.

Double the Universe

The astronomers long ago cut the earth down to size, proved it to be only a minor planet revolving around the sun. The sun, on closer inspection, turned out to be only a middle-rank star, like several million others. But the "home" galaxy—the Milky Way—continued to seem twice as big as any other galaxy: it was something that earthlings could be proud of.

Last week, at an Amherst, Mass., meeting of the American Astronomical Society, Harvard's famed Astronomer Harlow Shapley demoted the Milky Way. It is a big galaxy, he said, but no bigger than many others.

Shapley explained that astronomers have long had doubts about the yardstick they use to measure the enormous distances between the galaxies. It is based on Cepheid variable stars, whose luminosity (and therefore whose distance) can be told from their periods of pulsation. The system worked all right for a while, but recently many contradictions have shown up. For instance, the globular star clusters in the Magellanic Clouds (small, comparatively nearby galaxies) seemed to be much fainter intrinsically than similar clusters in the Milky Way. This offended the astronomers' sense of order. They felt that the clusters in both galaxies should be about equally bright. When clusters in the great Andromeda galaxy also proved too faint, the astronomers suspected their calculations.

Dr. Shapley was especially concerned since he had much to do with setting up the Cepheids as reliable measuring sticks. After long consultations with other astronomers, he decided that the size of the whole universe must be doubled. If the remote galaxies are considered twice as far away, then their globular clusters will have about the proper intrinsic brightness. The galaxies will also be twice as big, reducing the Milky Way to an ordinary specimen.

Other astronomical trouble points will also be cleared up. One is the embarrassing youthfulness of the expanding universe. When measured by the old yardstick, it is so small and is expanding so rapidly that it must have started its expansion only 2 billion years ago, which is not long enough. Geologists have pretty well proved by means of radioactive rocks that the earth is about 4 billion years old.

If the universe is doubled in size, its galaxies can be allowed more time (4 billion years) for reaching their present positions. This would make the earth and the universe about the same age, which sounds reasonable to the astronomers.

SCIENCE REPORT

More years of useful living

*Science helps aged people
to walk and work again*



One of the most disabling afflictions of elderly people is a form of arthritis known as osteoarthritis. Today, for the first time in medical history, many persons suffering from this disease can look with real hope to using their arms and legs again with freedom and comfort. In numerous cases, physicians are able to relieve the pain and disability of arthritic joints and enable patients to enjoy a more active life.

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ART

Emotion from Java

One of the hardest things for a new artist to do these days is convince Europe's jaundiced critics that his style is 1) new, and 2) worth having. A modest 42-year-old Javanese painter named Affandi can qualify on both counts. He has never taken a formal art lesson in his life, but after his first big exhibit in London six months ago, the *New Statesman's* John Berger flatly called him "a painter of genius." Last week, at Brussels' Palais des Beaux-Arts, the critics got another glimpse of Affandi and he still looked very good.

Set in an exposition of ancient and modern Indonesian art, Affandi's 48 pictures are a curious combination of East and West. He paints anything that catches his eye—huge Western bridges, gritty red-light districts, stolid water buffaloes, dead chickens, his friends, his toll-worn mother. And he paints them with obvious emotion; his lines are slapdash, his colors sometimes slop together in incoherence. But more often the result he gets is a soaring, faintly oriental fantasy.

Affandi's father, a clerk on a Dutch sugar plantation, wanted him to be a doctor, lawyer or engineer. But Affandi had other ideas. In elementary school, he discovered that he could get a grade of nine out of ten in art class, made up his mind to be an artist, and for 20 years struggled for recognition. To eat, he taught school, collected tickets at a local movie house, tried house painting, saving the leftover paint for his canvases.

Affandi never learned to use a palette, dislikes brushes. Instead, he squeezes paint on to his thumb, then smears it around the canvas. He will often spend a

week studying a subject, but the actual painting seldom takes longer than 90 furious minutes. "After about an hour," he says, "I usually feel my emotions declining. It's better to stop then. The painting is finished."

At the show last week, Affandi was still a little fidgety about all the attention he was getting. He had never been out of Java until three years ago, and in the next few months, he will travel to Paris, Rome, Stockholm and the U.S. with his paintings. When he gets home, he wants to start an art school for native painters, but first he wants to look around a bit and see what the Western world has been doing in art. "If I'd never left Java," he says, "I would never have seen where I stand as a painter." He adds thoughtfully: "I'm certainly above average."

What's in a Wall?

It was strictly an assignment for an assistant curator. Workmen tearing down a tile factory in a Paris suburb had come upon some interesting old masonry embedded in the factory wall. Georges Poisson, assistant curator of the Ile de France Museum at Sceaux, traveled over to Choisy-le-Roi for a look. What he saw made his eyes pop. There, preserved under later coatings of the brick & mortar, stood the ornate façade of Choisy-le-Roi's "Petit Château"—the hideaway King Louis XV built for his mistress, Madame de Pompadour.

Modern Frenchmen had forgotten all about the Petit Château but in Louis XV's day it set their ancestors' tongues wagging from one end of France to the other. Frenchmen could only guess at what went on in the privacy of the little château. The royal architects discouraged

PUBLIC FAVORITE (22)

Shortly before Walt Kuhn died in 1949, the rawboned old man looked back on his long, lusty life as a bicycle race rider, vaudeville producer, cartoonist, art teacher and painter to make a typically enthusiastic confession: "I was past 40 before I painted a decent picture. I was the gauchest thing you ever saw. But I've had fun. God, I've had more fun! I've probably painted three or four masterpieces . . ." One of Greenwich Village-born Painter Kuhn's best pictures, *Trio*, is the public favorite at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center.

The stark, monumental one-two-three composition is complemented by the red-white-red of the costumes, which sound out loud and strong, like chords, against the chilly silence of the curtain background. Although crudely painted in spots, the picture is too convincing for technical quibbles. Each of the three acrobats is characterized as an individual, yet even on the tanbark they seem to soar as a team.

prying eyes by setting its nine rooms—two boudoirs, dining room, a few guest rooms—in a small garden surrounded by a high wall. Even the servants were kept out of sight. The banquet room was equipped with an ingenious *table volante*, which could be lowered into the cellar, raised up again laded with delicacies. Louis or La Pompadour needed only to scribble a note and punch a bell.

Even so, a few snippets of gossip got out. The court heard that Louis sometimes fainted at dinner, after stuffing himself to the gills. Sample menu: four soups, three terrines of *foie gras*, countless hors d'oeuvres, 16 meat courses, partridge chicken, song birds, pheasant, turkey, squab, 14 desserts, creams and cakes. And Paris had ample evidence that, in her later years, Pompadour turned from madism, filled the château with a succession of pretty girls to drive away His Majesty's boredom.

After Louis died in 1774, his hideaway fell on hard times. Louis XVI never used it, and during the French Revolution the royal residences at Choisy-le-Roi were wrecked. For a time, a locksmith occupied the site of the Petit Château, later a tile factory was built on the grounds. No one dreamed that so much as two stones of the old building, with its rich trim and fine, high windows, were left standing.

By last week, Curator Poisson's workmen had carefully uncovered 150 ft. of yellow stone façade, including the entire center section and part of the left wing. With 3,000,000 francs voted by the Seine provincial council, Poisson was at work numbering each stone before dismantling the façade and rebuilding it as a historic monument in the park at Sceaux. Still missing: Louis' *table volante*. Reported Curator Poisson sadly: "I even crept down into the sewers on all fours, but we found nothing."

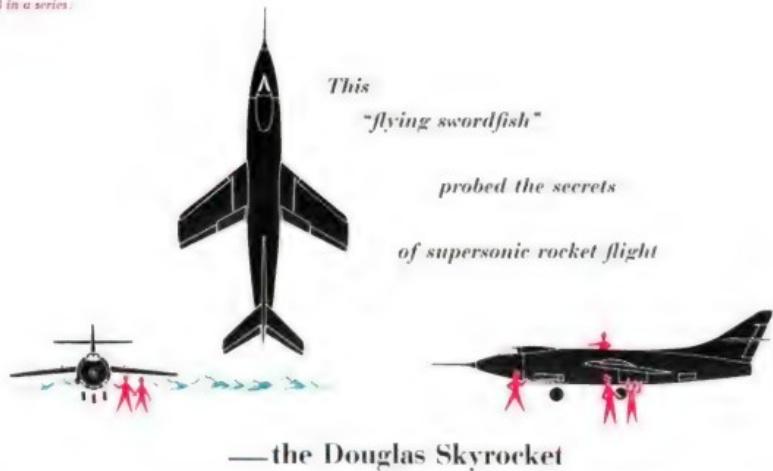


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Israel Shuster



WALT KUHN'S "TRIO"



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ried aloft by a B-29, but this supersonic laboratory can also take off under its own power. In this case, turbo-jets carry it to 25,000 feet, where rocket power cuts in to hurl the missile-shaped machine to top speed in two minutes. A payload of instruments then measures pressures,

stresses, control forces—gathers data on basic problems of rocket flight.

Development of the D-558-2 Skyrocket for the U. S. Navy is another example of Douglas leadership in aviation—helps to produce planes that will fly faster and farther with a bigger payload.



SPORT

The New Pros

After Australia's Davis Cup team swept through the opening singles without losing a set, one Aussie cynic was moved to remark: "Each set they win is worth an extra \$10,000." As it turned out, the cynic was a cautious prophet. Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor finally dropped one set in the doubles match that clinched the cup for Australia, 6-3, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4. Then Sedgman whipped Tony Trabert in another straight-set victory, 7-5, 6-4, 10-8. Not until the match score stood at 4-0 could U.S. Player Captain Vic Seixas win the first & only match for the U.S., defeating McGregor 6-3, 8-6, 6-8, 6-3.

Two days later, cashing in on their smashing cup performance, Sedgman and

suaded Sedgman to stay on as an amateur with a \$12,000 "wedding gift" to his wife; this year Sedgman and McGregor were offered a string of filling stations, and insurance jobs guaranteeing them salaries of \$11,225 a year within four years. But Sedgman was sure Australia had nothing to worry about: "We feel that Mervyn Rose, Lewis Hoad, Ken Rosewall and other youngsters will keep the Davis Cup in good hands." Now 25 and at the peak of his drawing power, Sedgman figured the time was ripe to take over the professional ranks.

Against the Best. Promoter Kramer was just as eager for the tour to start. Though seven years older than Sedgman, Kramer still commands the all-court game that won him two U.S. singles titles and



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They feel it will be kept in good hands.

McGregor announced that they were giving up the short green grass of amateur play for the long green of professional tennis: a whopping \$100,000 guarantee from Pro Promoter Jack Kramer. Teamming up with Pancho Segura, Tennisist Kramer will meet Sedgman and McGregor in a nationwide tour that starts in Los Angeles this week.

At the Peak. No one could doubt that the new pros had earned their pay. Outgunning and outgeneraling the U.S. players at every turn, Sedgman never let either of his opponents get really set, much less launch an attack. Seixas, who had sent U.S. hopes soaring when he defeated Sedgman in the Victorian tournament, was no match for Sedgman at the top of his game. And Trabert, on a 29-day Navy leave, was so badly out of condition that he collapsed in exhaustion under the blistering pace set by rangy Ken McGregor in his opening match.

Aussie tennis fans were understandably glum over the departure of their two top players. Only a year ago they had per-

one at Wimbledon and helped bring back the Davis Cup from Australia in 1946. In his pre-tour, Kramer has whipped the best available: Bobby Riggs, 69-20; Pancho Gonzales, 66-27; and Segura, 64-28.

Said Kramer, with an eye on the turnstiles: "I can beat Sedgman. In amateur tennis, you might play 25 tough matches in a year. We'll be playing 90 singles matches in five months, plus lots of doubles. I can promise they'll all be tough."

Under the Wire

Jockey Tony DeSpirito's headlong drive on the record for winners ridden in one year took on all the suspense of a movie serial last week. As 18-year-old Tony came closer & closer to the record mark, people who had never seen a horse race were asking: "Will he make it?" Tony did, getting in under the wire in the fast race at Tropical Park on the next-to-last day of the year. On New Year's Eve,

* From left: Sedgman, Rose, Captain Harry Hopman, Hoad, McGregor.

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as a clincher. Tony rode Winner No. 300, two more than the longtime record of 388, set by Walter Miller in 1906 and tied in 1950 by Willie Shoemaker and Joe Culmone.⁶

For little (5 ft. 2 in., 106 lbs.) Tony DeSpirito, the record was a victory scored against long odds. Son of a Lawrence (Mass.) millworker, Tony knew nothing about horses until he quit school two years ago and began hanging around nearby Rockingham Park. He got odd jobs as a "hot walker" and exercise boy and, finally, his big chance as a jockey. But he rode so badly in his first race that the stewards grounded him and advised him to give up riding entirely.

A Few Essentials. Tony tried again in Florida last January, but was again set down for incompetent riding. During the layoff, Tony started working out with a veteran rider who taught Tony a few essentials. Tony soon improved enough to qualify for a license as an apprentice jockey. Back in the saddle, he traveled up & down the Eastern seaboard, and wherever he went he whipped home winners.

But Tony kept running into trouble. He drew a \$100 fine for cussing at fans; he had a spill that forced him to cancel his mounts for a week. Even after Tony began to draw in sight of the record, Jockey Culmone flatly predicted: "He'll never make it. The pressure will get him." Then Tony got another crusher: a ten-day suspension for twice lugging into a horse in a tight race. When the suspension was lifted the day before Christmas, he faced a seemingly impossible task: 19 winners in eight days.

"I'm Not Nervous." Winging back & forth to Cuba, where racing is allowed on Sundays, Tony rode 15 more winners, still needed four, with only two racing days remaining in 1952. "I think I'll break the record now," said Tony. "I'm not nervous—just kind of tight." Tony loosened up enough—and got enough breaks from sympathetic owners—to ride winners in the second and third races the next day and to tie the record with a winner in the fourth. Tony's quest ended in the last race astride a horse aptly named King's Quest.

Tony dedicated his record-breaking ride and his winning jockey's fee (\$100) to Jockey Walter Miller, now confined to a New York sanitarium. The little "apprentice," who becomes a full-fledged jockey this month, can afford such gestures these days. Purses for his winning mounts totaled more than \$800,000, and Tony's income came close to \$40,000 last year.

Broken Jinx

An old football maxim has it that no team is any better than its defense. In the Rose Bowl game last week some 100,000 fans and millions of television viewers got a good look at some of the

• Miller, riding in the days when there were only six-race cards and no winter season, had a winning mark of 28% on 1,184 mounts. DeSpirito's winning mark: 16% on 1,474 mounts. Riding in more than 1,600 races, Shoemaker hit 24%; Culmone 23%.



Associated Press

JOCKEY DESPIRITO
On New Year's Eve, a clincher.

best defensive play of the year. The rugged Southern California line, rated one of the best in the nation, stopped the pile-driving running of Wisconsin's Alan ("The Horse") Ameche five times within its 30-yd. line. Running into the same kind of opposition (a total of 48 yds. through the hard-tackling Wisconsin line), Southern Cal turned to another football fundamental: the booming punting of Southern Cal's Desmond Koch, who broke a Rose Bowl record with one 72-yd. boot, averaged better than 50 yds. a kick.

After a scoreless first half, the payoff play sent four receivers downfield in the third quarter. From among them, Substitute Tailback Rudy Bukich found Halfback Al Carmichael all alone in the end zone, hit him with a 22-yd. touchdown pass. Then, outlasting a Rose Bowl jinx that twice saw California lose to the Big Ten in the final minutes, the hopped-up Trojan defense stopped two more Wisconsin drives inside the 30. Final score, for the West Coast's first victory in seven lean years against the Midwest's Big Ten: 7-0.

Who Won

¶ FBI-Man Horace Ashenfelter, 29, Olympic steeplechase champion, who got the Sullivan Trophy as "the amateur athlete . . . who did the most to advance the cause of good sportsmanship during the year." A rank outsider in pre-race ratings, Ashenfelter pulled off the biggest upset of the Olympics when he beat Russia's Record-Holder Vladimir Kasanetzov in Olympic-record time.

¶ Australia's John Landy, who ran the mile in a sensational 4:02.1 a fortnight ago (TIME, Dec. 29) and turned in another sizzler last week (4:02.8) on a windy, concrete-hard track. After the race, he confidently announced: "I intend to run a four-minute mile or better this season and then retire from competition."



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Payoff

The radio-television industry has good reason to love politicians: last year (to bring their platforms and personalities to the voters) politicos paid U.S. broadcasters more than \$6,000,000. In Washington last week, the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections reported that, of this money, the Republicans spent \$3,457,000, the Democrats \$2,673,000, and eight minor parties a total of \$37,563.43.

The Troubled Air

On the air four days before Christmas, playwright George S. Kaufman said: "Let's make this one program on which nobody sings *Silent Night*." Most of the estimated 16 million viewers of *This Is Show Business* (Sun., 7:30 p.m., CBS-TV) were used to Panelist Kaufman's curmudgeon voice and comments. Many even agreed with him. But some disagreed violently. The CBS switchboard lit up with more than 200 phone calls protesting Kaufman's "irreligious remark." Next morning several hundred more complaints hit CBS and Sponsor American Tobacco Co. Even though *Show Business* had but three weeks to run before the sponsor replaced it with a comedy show, Kaufman was publicly fired.

Stunned, Kaufman tried to explain that he had not been "wittingly antireligious. I was merely speaking out against the use and overuse of this Christmas carol in connection with the sale of commercial products." He soon got impressive religious support: the Rev. Dr. Truman B. Douglass, chairman of the broadcasting and film department of the National Council of Churches, declared that Kaufman's remark was "more expressive of religious sensitiveness than of any spirit of deri-

sion." Furthermore, said Dr. Douglass, "the real sacrifice is the merciless repetition of *Silent Night* and similar Christmas hymns by crooners, hillbillies, dance bands and other musical barbarians." The New York *Herald Tribune* editorialized "If a vocal few hundred from an audience that may reach into the millions can bar a performer, no one on the air will venture an opinion . . . In such an atmosphere there can be neither philosophy nor wit, and truth itself soon becomes a victim."

CBS, searching for a substitute to take Kaufman's place, was turned down by Newsman John Daly ("I think Kaufman's dismissal was both unnecessary and absurd"). Comic Garry Moore ("Responsible people shouldn't give way to the small segment of the public who are all too anxious to hunt for things to condemn") and Veteran Fred Allen, who snapped: "This thing is ridiculous. There are only two good wits on television. Groucho Marx and George S. Kaufman. With Kaufman gone, TV is half-witted." Finally, CBS found a substitute in Steve (Songs for Sale) Allen.

At week's end, after a series of top-level conferences, CBS executives, recovering from their panic, took a deep breath and announced a decision: George Kaufman will be banned from the panel only until the contract with American Tobacco Co. runs out this month. Then *Show Business* will return to the air at a new time (Sat., 9 p.m.), without a sponsor, but with George S. Kaufman back in his familiar place. Said Kaufman: "It constitutes some kind of vindication, I suppose."

In Los Angeles, another TV performer was charging a sponsor with excessive mildness. J. Carroll Naish, star of *Life with Luigi*, complained that Sponsor General Foods last week dropped the high-rated (39.7%) show largely because two scripts had offended 1) utility companies and 2) stockbrokers. One show had Luigi pitted against a power company that wanted to cut down a tree in his backyard; the other depicted Luigi as the troublesome owner of one share of stock in a big corporation. Snorted Naish, a Taft Republican: "The idea that I would countenance any subversive ideology on my show is ridiculous. I just don't understand it. After the stock-shares show, we got a letter of praise from the head of the stock exchange."

For TV Listeners

Charles Laughton thinks that the modern world has been brought up to look rather than to listen. This week he goes on TV with *This Is Charles Laughton* to help redress the balance. All that viewers will have to look at is Actor Laughton himself, a fat man in a rumpled suit, leaning on a stool placed on a table. But they will hear his sonorous voice descend to a whisper and rise to a shout as he reads stories from the Bible and Guy de Maupassant, from James Thurber and Dickens and Thomas Wolfe.



Carl Perlitz—Magnum

STORYTELLER LAUGHTON
A change of balance.



Eilen Derby—Granit House
PANELIST KAUFMAN
A kind of vindication.

The filmed series will be shown on two Manhattan stations (WPXI and WJZ-TV) and in 21 other cities. The idea is an outgrowth of the readings which Laughton did in U.S. Army hospitals during World War II (TIME, March 31), and which also generated the record-breaking *Don Juan in Hell* tour of the First Drama Quartette (Laughton, Charles Boyer, Cedric Hardwicke, Agnes Moorehead). The biggest problem faced by Producer Paul Gregory: how to make Laughton stand still long enough for the filming of the 15-minute shows. Laughton finally made nine of them in two days. Sponsor Duffy-Mott plans to repeat the 26 shows after they have had one run. Said a spokesman: "By that time, we think people will be ready to hear their favorite stories all over again."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat., 1:30 p.m., ABC). *Die Meistersinger*, with De los Angeles, Schoeller, Hopf.

New York Philharmonic (Sun., 2:30 p.m., CBS). The 700th broadcast.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun., 8:30 p.m., NBC). Somerset Maugham's *Jane*, with Edna Best, Michael Redgrave.

Farewell Address (Thurs., 10:30 p.m., all radio & TV networks). President Truman's final official message to the nation.

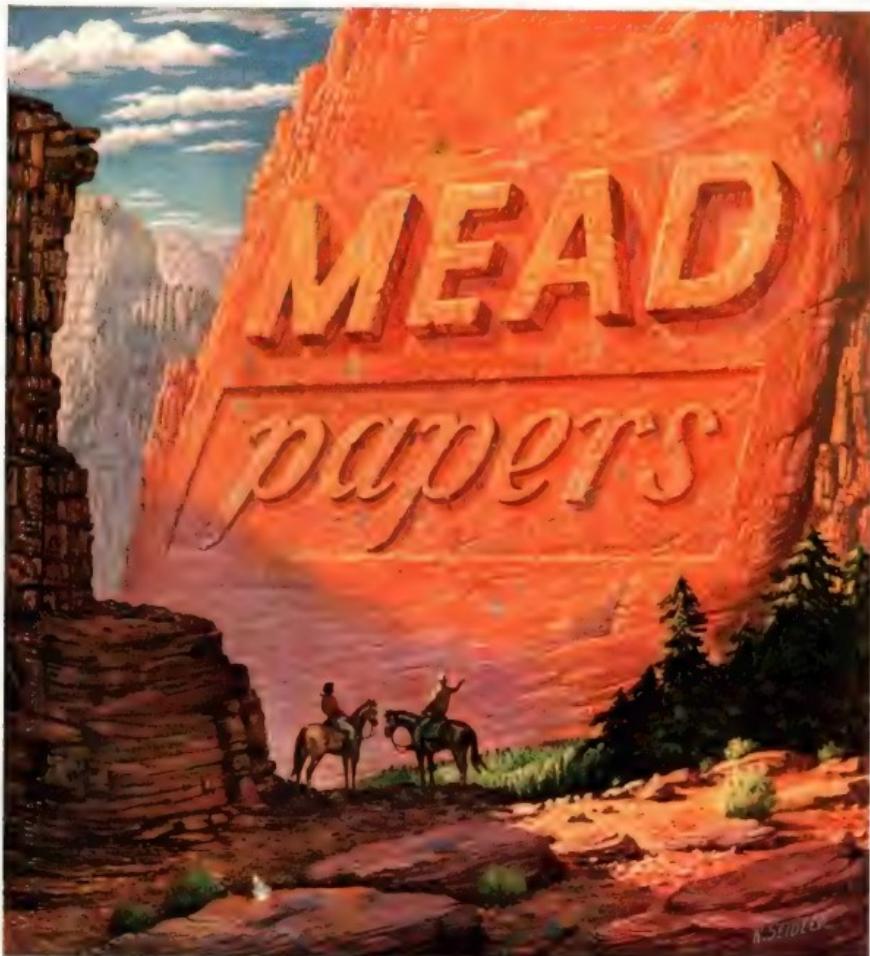
TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Tallulah Bankhead.

Track Meet (Sat., 8 p.m., ABC). Inter-collegiate meet from Washington.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Robert Taylor's first TV appearance.

Douglas Fairbanks Presents (Wed., 10:30 p.m., NBC). New filmed drama series.



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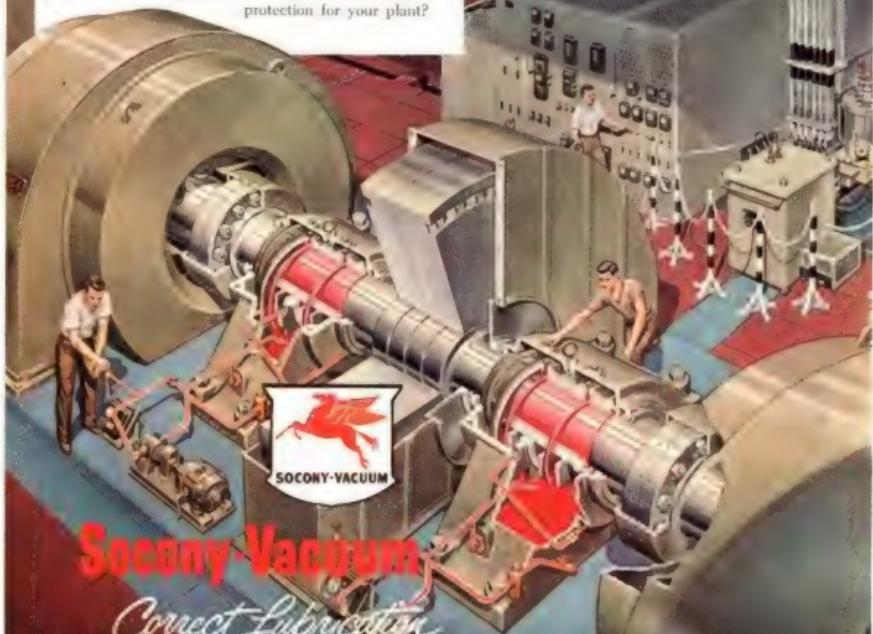
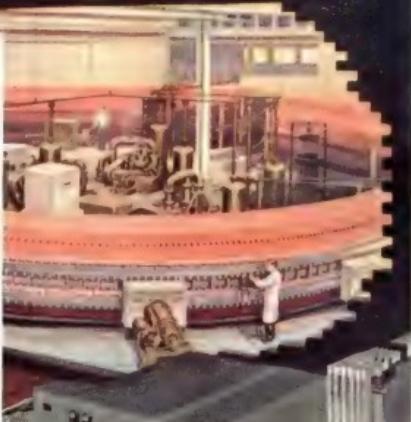
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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New York Times:

WORLD CHAMPION LIAR
ONCE AGAIN IS A TEXAN*

The Big Business

On newsstands all over the U.S., "pornography is big business." So reported a special House committee last week, after investigating what it called an "incredible volume" of "cheesecake girlie magazines," "salacious" pocket-size books, and "flagrantly misnamed" comics. "The committee, headed by Arkansas Democratic Congressman E. (for Ezekiel) C. Gathings, found a big increase in "lewd magazines" and in the number of "obscene"



CONGRESSMAN GATHINGS AT WORK
"A national disgrace."

books among the 200 million pocket-size books sold in 1951. In addition, the committee declared that of the 70 million comic books sold last year in the U.S., many (e.g., "war horror comics") are not only unfit for children but have even been banned from military bases. Said the report: "The extent to which the profit motive has brushed aside all generally accepted standards of decency ... has become a national disgrace."

Cheesecake. Among the worst offenders, said the committee, are nudist magazines supposedly "published in the interest of sunshine and health," and straight cheesecake magazines. Sample cheesecake titles: *Candid Whirl*, *Glorious Models*,

* In the annual "Liar's Club" contest at Burlington, Wis., the winning lie, told by Airman Third Class Harry V. Cummings of Dallas: Two 6-foot-tall mosquitoes were arguing about a man they were about to attack. Asked the first mosquito:

"Do you think we should eat him here or carry him home?" Answered the second: "Let's eat him here. If we carry him home, the big mosquitoes will take him away from us."

*Wink, Whisper, Keyhole, Titter, Foo, Nifty, Pepper, Zip, Wham, Paris Life.**

The committee also upbraided the publishers of pocket books for putting out such "obscene" books as *Marijuana Girl* (Chapter II: how to "sniff the stuff"), *Virgie Goodbye, Gim Wedding, Love-Hungry Doctor, Private Life of a Street Girl, She Made It Pay*. Pocket-size reprints, the committee said, "originally started out as cheap reprints of standard works, have largely degenerated into a medium for the dissemination of artful appeals to sensuality, immorality, filth, perversion and degeneracy."

Dirty Corners. Despite the four weeks of testimony, neither the committee nor witnesses were always sure of the difference between obscenity and respectable writing. Writer Margaret Culkin Banning decried "filth on the newsstand," said that more than 1,000 magazines published in the U.S. are nothing more than "pictorial prostitution." Three days later the committee discovered that Writer Banning herself was the author of an article titled "Is Virginity Old-Fashioned?" (her answer: no), which appeared in *Personal Romance* flanked by such other titles as "Kidnaper's Kisses," "I Was Accused of Adultery" and "Betrayed by Sex."

On its part, the committee's brand of "obscene" was also slapped on some books by such well-known writers as John Steinbeck, James T. Farrell, Erskine Caldwell and Italian Novelist Alberto (Woman of Rome) Moravia. Throughout the hearings the committee showed a disturbing fuzziness over what it meant by "objectionable matter." Since the committee could not decide, it seemed dangerous to recommend that existing federal laws be strengthened making it an offense for private carriers to transport "lewd obscene or lascivious" books and magazines in interstate commerce. This could mean that a motorist might be arrested for carrying a book by Steinbeck. However, publishers and readers alike could agree with the committee's suggestion that the publishing industry try to clean out the dirty corners in its own house.

GONE

Not for years have British newsmen worked so hard on a story as they did last week when Britain's first atom spy, Dr. Alan Nunn May, was released from Wakefield prison (see FOREIGN NEWS). For 15 days outside the prison gates, more than 10 reporters stood a freezing round-the-clock watch, hired special radio-equipped cars, guarded every entrance and pounced on every lead for news of May's release. But for every step the newsmen took, the Home Office, which runs Britain's prisons, took a counterstep to thwart them. "It is undesirable," said the Home Office, "that

* The committee's gauge for cheesecake: "Photographs of girls dressed in scanty girdles, mostly clothed, or fully dressed but in revealing poses, but always emphasizing shapeliness."

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a prisoner should be subjected to undue publicity at the moment of release. As extraordinary steps were taken to give May such publicity, it was necessary to take suitable steps to safeguard him."

Newsmen charged that to throw them off the trail prison officials sent a closed van through the prison gate as a decoy. Then, under cover of darkness, they slipped May out. Not until a convict inside the prison blew his breath on the ice-cold windowpane and wrote with his finger G O N E, did the reporters waiting outside know that May had been released and they had missed him. Said a terse prison announcement later that morning: "[We] can inform you gentlemen that May has been discharged. That is all."

To the *Manchester Guardian*, May's insistence on privacy and the Home Office's determined cooperation with him seemed reasonable enough. In Britain, where a convict's full citizenship rights are automatically restored as soon as he is released from prison, there is a long tradition of forgiving & forgetting no matter how serious the crime. Said a *Guardian* editorial: "There is a decent British tradition that a man's past is not to be raked up lightly, and that a convict, having purged his offense, is entitled to . . . a new start in life." But other papers were indignant that a man convicted of betraying his country, and unrepentant of his offense, should be protected while newsmen trying to interview him should be treated as if they were committing a crime. Said the *Labourite Daily Mirror*: "His crime was cold-blooded, calculated and . . . damnable hard . . . to forgive . . . Those who are protesting against the curiosity as to where he is and what he is doing now, are protesting too much. He cannot expect the rights of privacy . . . accorded to a common crook."

Gambling in Texas

Texas' Galveston, once a pirate hideout, has earned an equally robust reputation in recent years for freewheeling vice, gambling, prostitution and illegal liquor traffic. The Galveston papers, the morning *News* (circ. 17,510) and evening *Tribune* (circ. 11,609), both owned by 75-year-old Financier W. L. Moody Jr., do not get excited about it. They take the view that the wide-open situation is what Galveston wants; any change should come at the polls, not through their crusading. But their little brother and Galveston County neighbor, the Texas City *Sun* (circ. 4,573), which is also owned by Moody, had a different view of things. Sun Editor Clyde Byron Ragsdale, 37, thinks "a newspaper should stand for something in a community, like a church."

Indictment. In the summer of 1951, the state's "little Kefauver" Crime Investigating Committee found plenty of evidence of gambling and vice in Galveston County, but the probe soon died of official inaction. Ragsdale, an ex-Air Force staff sergeant and novelist (*The Big Fist*), who moved to Texas City three years ago after working on several west Texas dailies, went to work. He sent reporters out



EDITOR RAGSDALE

A newspaper is like a church,

to visit the joints, ran descriptions of them and their operators. At one point Ragsdale led Texas Rangers to 320 slot machines hidden in a barn, to the chagrin of Ranger Chief Homer Garrison Jr., who had said Texas was "clean as a whistle."

As the campaign rolled on, gamblers warned Ragsdale to get out of town, but he kept on headlining his stories, ran front-page boxes asking County Sheriff Frank Biagge what he intended to do about gambling. "That Ragsdale is an s.o.b.," retorted the sheriff in a radio interview, "If I closed down all the joints, they'd have to close all the hotels in Galveston." Ragsdale duly printed Biagge's remarks in full, finally spurred a Galveston County grand jury into action, although a grand jury had not returned a gambling indictment in 20 years. Ragsdale and three members of his staff laid the evidence they had collected before the jury, and the jury indicted 23 people, including 16 members of the politically powerful Maceo organization, on charges of gambling.

Dismissal. Last week, after five postponements of the trial, district court judges dismissed the charges on recommendation of County Prosecutor Raymond Magee. Said Magee: the evidence was "incomplete." To Galveston, the dismissal of the indictment came as no surprise. Said the weekly Galveston *Times*, owned by Mayor Herbert Y. Cartwright Jr.: "Most Galvestonians will approve the action of County Attorney Magee [because they] have never felt that . . . gambling is a felony."

But Editor Ragsdale is convinced that if gambling flourishes in Galveston, vice, prostitution and illegal liquor sales will thrive in its wake. He plans to continue to keep a sharp eye on the gamblers, who as a result of the paper's campaign have been forced to lay low. Says Ragsdale: "If they open up again, we'll go after them."

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MUSIC

Compatibility in Cleveland

During his annual mid-season vacations from the Cleveland Orchestra, Conductor George Szell (pronounced sell) can be seen on some of the U.S.'s most famed podiums: the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and starting next season, the Metropolitan Opera. To judge by the enthusiasm of critics and audiences, he could probably land himself an even more impressive berth than the one he has. But the story of Szell and Cleveland is the story of a happy musical partnership.

Budapest-born George Szell took up Cleveland's baton six years ago on one condition: his board of directors must give him "the means of making this orchestra second to none." Since then, he has increased the orchestra's size from 82 to 96, and hired a score or so of musicians (among them Concertmaster Josef Gingold from Detroit) from other organizations. Today, Conductor Szell is content: the Cleveland personnel is "as good as any conductor could wish for." With a whopping \$5,000,000 endowment and willing contributors to the annual deficit drive (this year: \$110,000), the orchestra's economic position is also as secure as any in the world.

"We aim," says Szell, "at combining the virtuosity and polish and opulence that are characteristic of top-ranking American orchestras with the expressive abandon of typically European orchestras in their best days." And he adds: "If you give me a week, I might think of a gripe."

Cleveland is just as strong for its 55-year-old conductor. Last week the orchestra heard signed George Szell to a new three-year contract.

Jet-Engine Effect

Walter Midgley, English tenor, has always recognized the hazards of stage mustaches: "They're a lot of trouble. They come off and make you look silly. I usually wear a painted one." But for publicity photos one day last week, he tried on a two-pronged affair on a nylon gauze mounting. It fitted so well ("You didn't know it was there") that he decided to wear it in *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden that night.

Midgley launched into the Duke of Mantua's first big aria. "I felt fine. Every word was a joy. "*"La costanza tiranna del core detestiamo qual morbo cridele,"*⁶ he sang—and sucked in a deep breath to go on. In the same instant, off came the left wing of his mustache. Carried on the air stream, it disappeared down the tenor's throat.

"It must have been a jet-engine effect," he said later. "I was terrified." Quickly he turned his back and coughed up the mustache. He finished the performance, but

⁶ Translation: "Constancy, tyrant of the heart, we detest as a cruel disease."



Brooks Atkinson

CONDUCTOR SZELL

On the podium, a happy partner,

even a dose of soothing honey did not reduce the tickling in his larynx. Next day a doctor probed, extracted a half-inch piece of gauze which Tenor Midgley identified as his mustache mounting.

New Records

The Beethoven boom continues. Last year saw the completion of two separate sets of his nine symphonies, all 32 of his piano sonatas. Last week three more complete cycles were on the market: all 16 *String Quartets*, played by the Budapest Quartet for Columbia (12 LPs) and by the Pascal Quartet for Concert Hall (13



Angus McBean

TENOR MIDGLEY & MUSTACHE
On the air stream, a bit of gauze.



PERU

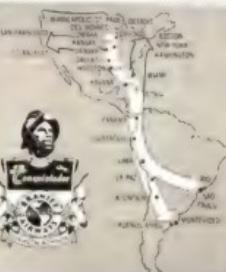
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LPs), and all ten *Violin Sonatas* (five LPs), by Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam for Decca.

The sheen of perfection marks the Budapest performances; virtually every note is impeccable, and the teamwork is so good that the four instruments sound almost like one. More tonal contrast marks the Pascal playing: individual instruments sometimes sing out with a fervor that comes close to the composer's own spirit.

Fuchs and Balsam play the sonatas with an energy and selfless dedication that more renowned virtuosos rarely show. Even in such an oft-performed favorite as the *Kreutzer Sonata*, their version has as deep and clear a musical perspective as any on the market.

Other new records:

Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde (Kathleen Ferrier, contralto; Julius Patzak, tenor; the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Bruno Walter; London). These six songs were intended as Mahler's ninth symphony, but a personal superstition made him forgo the title. The dusky warmth of Ferrier's singing, the bright clarity of Patzak's, and the lurid orchestral colors run the gamut of gaiety and sadness. A definitive recording.

Mozart Bass Arias (Fernando Corena; London). Mozart's writing for basso has never been touched for purity of line and directness of expression, and these six songs (from *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Marie Flute*) are among his best. Young Basso Corena has a brilliant, resonant tone, gives the music spiritified, if not highly polished, interpretations.

Mozart: Requiem (Robert Shaw Chorale conducted by Robert Shaw; RCA Victor Orchestra; Victor). The best recording to date, but for some reason one of the world's most beautiful scores continues to defy recording techniques: too often the chorus overpowers the orchestra when it should float over it, clouds the counterpoint when it should limn it.

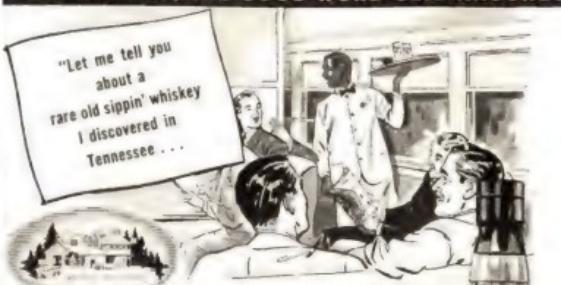
Music of Frederick Delius (Concert Orchestra conducted by Felix Slatkin; Capitol). The famous *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* and four other pieces in a style whose closest artistic relatives are the misty pastorals of Painters Turner and Const.

Offenbach: Le Vie Parisienne (Jennie Tourel; Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jean Morel; Columbia). A saucy score culled from several operas, with Tourel's fine mezzo-soprano, gaily modernized scoring, and fine acoustics.

"El Pili" Flamenco (Pedro Jimenez, cantador; Mario Escudero, Alberto Vélez guitars; Esoterico). Cantador Jimenez (El Pili) shouts his uninhibited incantations while the guitars, torrid and teasing by turns, strum their gypsy rhythms. Full of authentic Andalusian excitement.

Stravinsky: Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra (Mewton-Wood, piano; members of The Hague's Residentie Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr; Concert Hall). An incisive performance of one of Stravinsky's most inventive and amusing works (1924). Appealing and even warm in its stylishly static way.

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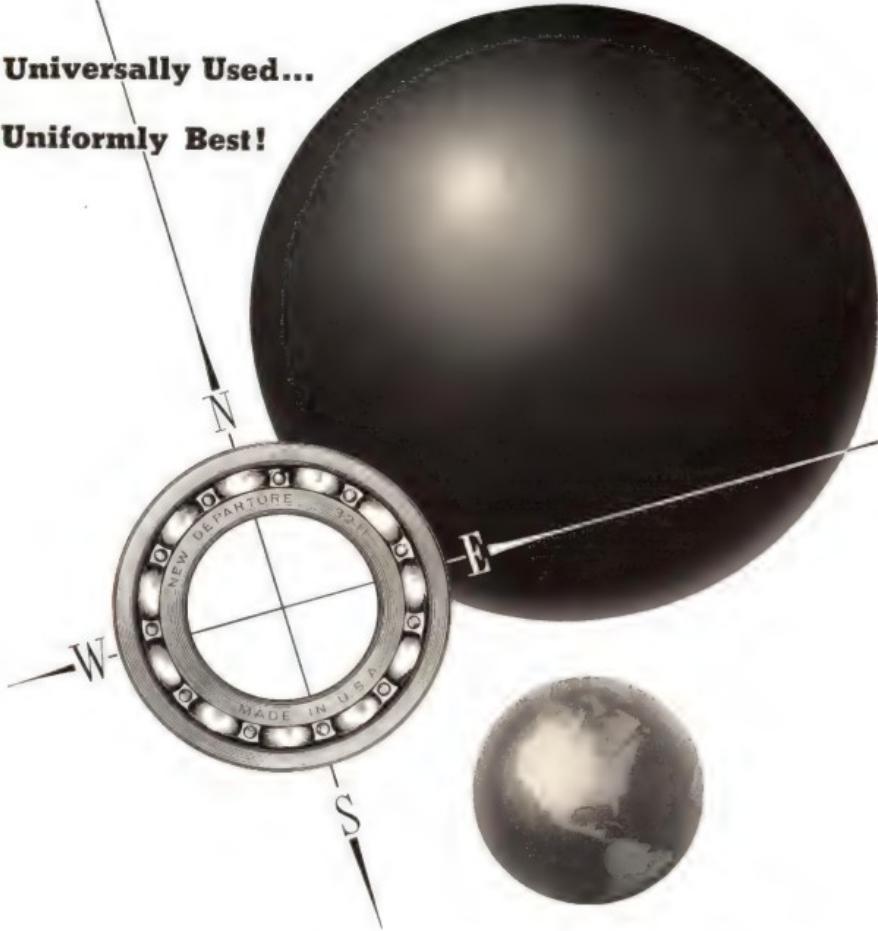


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BUSINESS & FINANCE

AUTOS

G.M.'s New Models

A few years back, the man who drove a 100-h.p. car was considered a dashing fellow with some of the glamour of a Barney Oldfield. But by this week, when General Motors rolled out four of its new 1953 lines, the 100-h.p. auto was almost as dated as the linen duster. Chevrolet's horsepower was boosted from 105 to 115. Buick's from 170 to 188 (in the Roadmaster). Oldsmobile's from 160 to 165. The power house of them all was Cadillac, with a 210-h.p. engine (up from 190) in its 1953 models. With G.M.'s new cars, only a handful of standard U.S. autos were left on the road with less than 100-h.p. engines.

G.M. also took note of the growing popularity of sports cars:

¶ Cadillac has a new sports convertible, the six-passenger El Dorado which, at \$7,500, is the U.S.'s highest-priced mass-production car. It has a "wrap-around" windshield that sweeps to the sides, wire wheels, and an Orlon top that folds back under a steel cover. Cadillac's regular 1953 line has a wider, more massive hood and headlight visors that lengthen the fender line; prices are the same as in 1952 (\$8,571 to \$5,620). Optional: air conditioning, wire wheels or wire-wheel hubcaps, power steering, and an "autronic eye" control that dims headlights automatically when another car approaches, brightens them after it passes.

¶ Buick said General Manager Ivan L. Wiles put "more important styling and engineering changes" in its 1953 model than in any for the last 25 years. Its powerful new V-8 engine boosts gasoline mileage by some 6%; it has an improved Dynaflo transmission for faster acceleration of the car from a standing start to 30 m.p.h. Buick also announced a few modest price cuts.

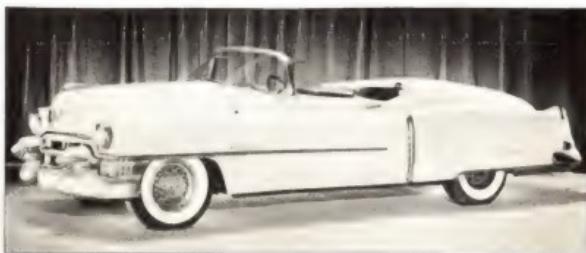
¶ Chevrolet brought out a redesigned auto that is wider and lower than last year's. Other improvements this year: a new Powerglide transmission intended to eliminate complaints of high gas consumption, a one-piece curved windshield, a moisture-proof ignition system. A new, higher-priced line: the Bel Air series, is designed to compete with such medium-priced cars as Dodge. Prices are relatively unchanged.

¶ Oldsmobile is little changed; prices are the same (\$2,261 to \$3,228) as in 1952. Optional: air conditioning (\$594), power steering, power brakes.

CORPORATIONS

Joining the Enemy

In the U.S. watchmakers' long fight for a high protective tariff on Swiss watches, none fought harder than Elgin National Watch Co.'s President James G. Shennan. But when Harry Truman vetoed boasts of as much as 50% recommended by the



CADILLAC'S SPORTS CONVERTIBLE

For well-heeled Barney Oldfields, 210 h.p.

U.S. Tariff Commission last summer (TIME, July 14), Shennan knew he was whipped. Last week, in a statesmanlike manner, he conceded it. He still did not agree with the President's decision, said Shennan, but "we are aware that [it] reflects a widespread belief that a reduction of tariff barriers will further the interests of world peace. However much it may distress him personally, no responsible American can deny the general wisdom of such a policy . . ."

Shennan had an equally statesmanlike answer to his company's problem of foreign competition. If he could not compete with cheaper Swiss watches and movements, Shennan reasoned, then he would have to diversify his company's production, make additional products which he could sell profitably, develop research to make others. For two years Shennan has been preparing his course by acquiring other companies, such as Kentucky's Wadsworth Watch Case Co. and Rhode Island's watchband-making Hadley Co., which also makes cuff links, tie clasps, etc. Elgin itself is importing Swiss move-

ments for Wadsworth cases, and making compacts, emblems, and product name plates—plus \$23 million of defense orders. Result: Elgin's 1952 sales are estimated at \$50 million, v. 1950's \$30.2 million.

Higher High Life

Outside the Miller Brewing Co.'s big new Milwaukee brewhouse last week, President Fred Miller, 46, helped two of his oldest workmen roll out the 3,000,000th barrel of Miller High Life Beer made in 1952. This output, said Fred Miller, boosted the company from sixth to fifth biggest in the U.S.

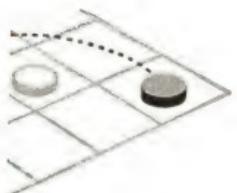
Brewer Miller did not intend to be content with that. In five years, spending \$25 million on expansion, he had brought his High Life brew from 20th place to a position right behind Schlitz, Anheuser-Busch, Ballantine and Pabst. Last week President Miller announced that he is starting a second \$30 million expansion. Said he: "Our goal is to be the largest producer of the best beer."

Double-Threat Man. Unquestionably the fizz in Miller High Life is Fred Mil'er. A tall (6 ft.), lean, handsome man who was once an All-America tackle and football captain at Notre Dame, Miller keeps his muscles trim at handball and tennis, hunts and fishes with the oldest of his eight children, pilots his own Grumman Widgeon amphibian around the U.S. Besides running the brewery, Miller has energy left to run scores of outside activities. He is president of the Milwaukee Brewers Association, runs public relations for the U.S. Brewers Foundation, is a director of the Milwaukee County Society for Mental Health and the Milwaukee Boys' Club. Pope Pius made him a Knight of St. Gregory for running a campaign to build a new orphanage.

Unlike many football stars, Miller was as good in the classroom as on the field. graduated from Notre Dame ('26) with a high scholastic average. Miller went home to Milwaukee, where his grandfather Frederick, a German-born master brewer, built his brewery in 1855. At a time when many other brewers made dark, strong beers, old Fred began making a light, dry Pilsner-



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COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

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type aimed at the quality trade and billed as "the champagne of bottled beer." After his death, a succession of descendants ran the brewery. Young Fred's family owned enough stock for him to become a director in 1936, but he spent most of his time running his father's prosperous lumber and real-estate business. In 1947, when relatives had a hard time agreeing among themselves on brewery affairs, Fred took on the full-time job of running the brewery as president. The stockholders agreed to spend \$25 million out of profits and their own pockets to expand and modernize the brewery and go after a national market.

Adman's Man. Miller felt that the U.S.'s taste had changed so that his light beer had an advantage. To get quantity to match his quality, he spent most of the \$25 million building a completely new brewhouse, expanding the bottling shop. He boosted capacity from 800,000 to 3,000,000 barrels a year, signed up distributors in all 48 states and in the Hawaiian Islands. He also set up an International Division to handle sales abroad.

He splurged on advertising, on which he now spends an estimated \$6,500,000 a year. At first, other brewers thought his ads rather odd: they violated all the rules. Since the demand for beer is biggest in summer, Miller saw little reason in advertising then. He did most of his advertising in the fall and winter, as a result built up an almost even year-round demand. While other brewers did about 40% of their business in cool months, Miller did 45%. Though some still thought of beer as a lowbrow drink, Miller went after the fashionable trade. This is the only brewer to advertise in *Vogue*.

Ground Gained. This emphasis on quality was increased by the clear, sloping High Life bottle, whose tapering neck and paper collar suggested a split of champagne. Other brewers used dark bottles to protect their beer from light, but Miller did not worry about light spoiling his beer. He argued that age, not light, is what makes beer deteriorate; kept his fresh by seeing that no dealer stocked more than he could quickly sell. Although all beer sales have recently been inching up by about 2% a year, in five years High Life chalked up the industry's biggest single gain of 275% in sales.

Williamsport Windup

Bethlehem Steel Corp. was hard hit in pride and pocketbook two months ago. Then, a federal district court in Scranton annulled its 1937 purchase of the Williamsport Wire Rope Co. on the ground that a federal judge had been bribed to approve the deal (TIME, Oct. 27). Last week Bethlehem found a way to clear its name and get back Williamsport. It agreed to pay Williamsport stockholders an extra \$6,000,000 for a clear title to the company (it had originally paid \$3,100,000 for the business while it was in receivership). In approving the terms of the settlement, Judge Albert L. Watson called Bethlehem "an innocent victim of circumstances over which it had no control."

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Arthur Shaw: Mouray Gardner

PERSONNEL

Variety Man

As a student at George Washington University, Frank Kiggins White switched from law to accounting because "an accountant who is lucky gets sent out on a variety of assignments and learns a lot." White got plenty of assignments. At 25, he was assistant to the president of the Union News Co.; at 30, treasurer of the Literary Guild; at 37, treasurer of *Newsweek* (then undergoing financial reorganization); at 38, treasurer of CBS.

He was a key man in settling the year-long American Federation of Musicians' strike against the recordmakers; as boss of Columbia Records, Inc., he was in the midst of the battle with RCA over long-playing records. In 1949, he moved on to Mutual Broadcasting System. As president, he spruced up management, found new local sponsors, and perked up programming. By last May, when his three-year contract with Mutual (\$100,000 a year) expired, the network's billings were \$3,000,000 a year bigger, and White moved over to NBC as a vice president.

Last week White, 53, got his biggest assignment. He was named president of NBC, succeeding Joseph H. McConnell, 66, who resigned, reportedly to be president of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. White thus became the first man ever to have headed two major networks. Radiomen guessed that RCA-NBC Chairman David Sarnoff is not completely satisfied with NBC's bulky overhead and slowness to fight back against CBS competition, and hopes that White will tune NBC into a better wave length.

GOVERNMENT

GOVERNMENT Pursuit of Happiness

Pursuit of Happiness

Is everybody happy? In the dairy business, at least, the U.S. has tried to make them so. Housewives who had grumbled at the high price of butter were made happy as state after state allowed the sale of colored margarine. This didn't please the butter men. But the Agriculture Department had a way to make them happy, too: it promised to support prices by buying up surplus butter. An effort was even made to make foreign dairymen happy. They were allowed to ship as much dried milk, cream and buttermilk to the U.S. as they wanted to send. That seemed to take care of everyone.

But soon this pursuit of happiness ran into a detour. Oleo sales boomed and butter prices melted. Soaring imports of dried dairy products displaced millions of quarts of U.S. milk from ice cream and other products, and diverted them into butter. As butter prices kept dropping, the Agriculture Department had to buy more. In December alone, it paid \$12 million for 1.5 million lbs. of butter, cheddar cheese and dried milk. Some day purchases ran as high as 2,000,000 lbs. all paid for by U.S. taxpayers (whose happiness had not been part of the deal.)

Last week Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan reluctantly decided the time had come to start making others besides taxpayers unhappy. He slapped import quotas on dried milk, buttermilk and cream, limiting imports in the first quarter to the level of a year ago—a little more than half the recent rate. Brannan had no

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Research Department, S-1

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Other personnel changes:

Other personnel changes:
Howard Cotterell Shepard, 58, was named to succeed retiring Chairman William Gage Brady Jr., 65, of Manhattan's National City Bank, second biggest in the U.S. Shepard, who started with N.C.B. in 1916 as a trainee, has been its president since 1948. His successor: James Stillman Rockefeller, 50, a grandnephew of John D. Rockefeller, who started in the comptroller's department, became executive vice president only last September.



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choice: under a clause in the Defense Production Act, sponsored by Minnesota's Republican Representative August Andresen, dairy imports must be limited to quantities that will not "result in any unnecessary burden or expenditures under any Government price-support program."

Brannan's action brought quick protests from abroad. Canada's National Dairy Council proposed retaliation in the form of a ban on U.S. vegetable oils used in margarine. Said the Swedish Dairy Association's export boss Bengt Dock: "This is an example of giving to Europe with one hand and taking with the other." Harry Truman sought to make political propaganda. Said he: "This is the kind of law which makes the job of the Kremlin's propaganda experts a great deal easier."

The real solution to all the trouble seemed to be a return to an unsupervised market in butter, with prices seeking their own level. Even dairymen might find to their surprise that the law of supply & demand could result in a better spread of happiness for everyone.

Bad Reports

Among the Government's many services to farmers and commodity traders are periodic crop reports by the Agriculture Department. But the reports have often been so inaccurate as to be more of a hindrance than a help. Last week a study of wheat-crop estimates over a 28-year period showed just how wrong the Government has been.

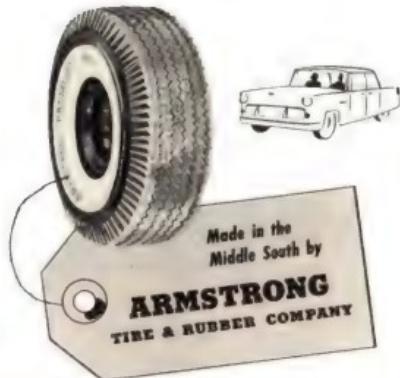
Said John D. Baker Jr., a crop expert with Longstreet Abbott & Co., a St. Louis commodity research house: early estimates of winter wheat crops have erred by an average of 100 million bu., or 12.3%. Even by August, when most of the crop is in, the average miss has been 25 million bu., or 3.4%. Early forecasts of spring wheat, a smaller crop, have been even further off—an average of 50 million bu., or 21%. Said Baker: the estimates are nearly always on the low side.

B. & O. Indicted

For five years scores of investigators for Congress, the RFC and the Department of Justice have hunted for skulduggery in the RFC's relations with its biggest (\$86 million) railroad debtor, the Baltimore & Ohio. All of them found plenty of things to criticize, such as the RFC's agreement to swap collateral for less valuable security, its failure to nail down repayment terms, and the way ex-RFC officials grabbed off juicy B. & O. executive jobs. But none of them found anything on which to prosecute. Last week in Washington, a federal grand jury decided it had something. On evidence presented by the Department of Justice, it indicted the B. & O. on eleven counts of "knowingly and willfully" making "false and fraudulent statements."

The indictment was based on charges that on several occasions in 1943 the B. & O. filed statements with the RFC and the ICC reporting cash balances considerably lower than the actual balances. Presumably, the smaller balances mini-

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minized the road's ability to repay the loan (now reduced to about \$68 million). The evidence seemed none too strong, and railroad experts explained the discrepancies by saying that the bookkeepers had merely reported, in advance, transfers of funds which the B. & O.'s funding contracts required them to make later on.

The investigation on which the charges were based was demanded 18 months ago by W. Stuart Symington, then RFC boss, and now the new Democratic Senator from Missouri. But the Justice Department took its time, did not start presenting evidence until Dec. 8, did not obtain the indictment until one day before the statute of limitations would have outlawed any prosecution. It looked as if the Fair Dealers merely wanted to embarrass incoming Attorney General Brownell. If he prosecutes—and loses—a weak case, he will look bad; if he drops it, the Fair Dealers will say that he is favoring big business.

Innocent Bystanders

When the Government's antitrust suit against 117 members of the Du Pont family reopened this week, after a month's recess (TIME, Dec. 8), the Justice Department struck from its list of defendants 85 names—including 59 minors aged from four to 20.

AVIATION

Sixth Biggest

After eight months of deliberation, CAB last week approved a deal which will make Delta Air Lines the sixth biggest (in route mileage) in the U.S. Subject to stockholders' approval, Delta will swap \$10 million in new, convertible debentures for all the outstanding common stock in Chicago & Southern. The merged company, to be known as Delta-Chicago & Southern, will have 6,474 miles of routes through the South and Midwest, plus another 3,034 (now owned by C. & S.) to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica and Venezuela.

For Delta's President Collett Everett Woolman, 63, who will boss the new line, the merger was the latest in a series of expansions that have boosted Delta from a small, crop-dusting outfit to a seat near the top. A lifelong aviation buff, Woolman, while a student at the University of Illinois, worked his way to France on a cattle boat to a world aviation meet in 1910. Shortly after World War I, he learned to fly, formed a company of his own, along with Harold Harris, now president of Northwest Airlines, and took crop-dusting teams as far as South America. He landed an airmail contract and passenger route to Peru and Ecuador in 1928, later sold it to Pan American-Grace Airways. In 1929 he helped form Delta and started flying passengers from Dallas to Jackson, Miss., and other Southern cities. He has been rapidly expanding his routes ever since. In the last five years, Delta's net has jumped from \$200,000 to \$1,600,000. The deal with Chicago & Southern will give him a network stretching from Detroit, Chicago and Kansas City to New Orleans, Atlanta and Miami.



James H. Cobb

DELTA'S WOOLMAN
A seat near the top.

Woolman has another plan up for CAB approval—a merger with Northeast Airlines (TIME, Oct. 9, 1950). If approved, the merger will give him a route into New York, and a crack at the rich North-South traffic now enjoyed by Eddie Rickenbacker's Eastern Air Lines.

GOODS & SERVICES New Ideas

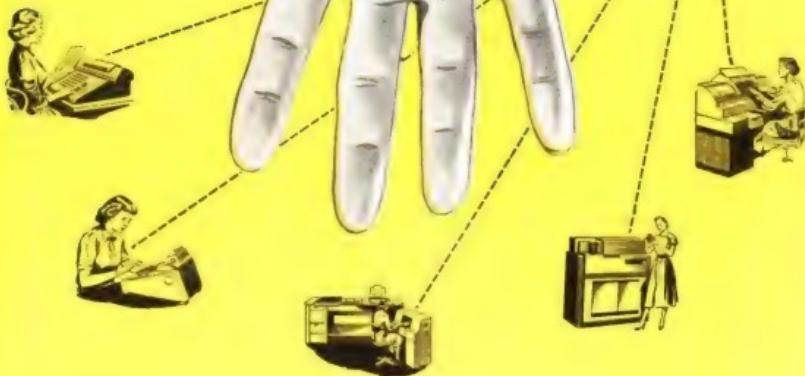
Birthday Tractor. To celebrate its 50th birthday, Ford unwrapped a new tractor, its first model change since 1947. Five in. longer and 150 lbs. heavier, the tractor has a new four-cylinder, overhead-valve engine (20% more powerful) and a redesigned hydraulic system, for plows and other attachments, which can lift loads of 1,000 lbs. (up from 750 lbs.). Price: \$1,474 f.o.b. Highland Park, Mich., up \$92.

Plastic Carpet. At the Chicago Furniture Show, E. T. Barwick Mills displayed the first tufted plastic carpeting. Made of Saran, a Dow Chemical synthetic, the carpet is almost completely resistant to ink and other stains, can be washed to remove dirt, and is more resistant to wear than wool rugs. Cost: \$14.05 a sq. yd.

Paper Snow Fence. Chicago's Sisal-kraft Co. offered a snow fence made of paper instead of wood tath. Made of 12-in.-wide strips of two-ply asphalt-treated paper attached to steel posts, the fence withstands sleet and rainstorms and high winds, costs about the same as conventional wood-slat fencing. Main advantage: a two-thirds saving in installation and maintenance expense.

Chlorophyll Cigarettes. In Worcester, Mass., and Cincinnati, Larus & Brother Co., Inc., joined the chlorophyll craze, began test sales of Hale Cigarettes, the filter tips of which are impregnated with chlorophyll. Price: about 5¢ more than regular brands.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Elizabeth Bradley Beukema, 28, only child of Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Omar Bradley, and Air Force Major Henry Shaw Beukema, 28; their fourth child, a daughter, in Washington, D.C. Name Anne Elizabeth Terrill. Weight 7 lbs. 11 oz.

Died. Hank Williams, 26, twangy-voiced singer and composer who at six began strumming a guitar, went into vaudeville at 14, rode to fame as "King of the Hillbillies" on broadcasts and recordings of his own hits (*Lovesick Blues*; *Jambalaya*; *Cold, Cold Heart*); of a heart ailment, while riding by car to a personal appearance date; near Oak Hill, W. Va.

Died. Prince Yasuhito Chichibu, 50, younger brother of Japan's Emperor Hirohito; of a liver ailment complicated by chronic pleurisy; in his villa at Kugenuma, Japan. The Oxford-educated prince was ill health during most of World War II sat it out with Tokyo's military garrison. At war's end Chichibu became Western-minded again, avidly read American comic strips ("L'il Abner . . . I can't understand at all").

Died. Millicent Abigail Rogers, 53, "Standard Oil heiress," granddaughter of Croesus-rich Oil Pioneer Henry Huntington Rogers; after an operation for removal of a brain blood clot; in Albuquerque, A. "best-dressed" society glamour girl of the '20s. Millicent made an unhappy career of marrying in haste, repenting in opulent leisure. Her husbands: (1) penniless Austrian Count Ludwig Constantine Salm (1924-27), (2) dashing Argentine socialite Arturo Peralta Ramos (1927-31), (3) Manhattan Broker Ronald B. Balcom (1930-41). In later years, she lived alone on a small New Mexican ranch in the shadow of a sacred Taos Indian mountain, wore blue jeans, sadly observed: "Dancing partners aren't what they used to be."

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Died. Major Rudolph William Schroeder, 66, who in 1910 graduated from homemade gliders to airplanes went on to become a barnstormer, test pilot and high-altitude pioneer; of a cerebral blood clot after long invalidism following a stroke in 1941; in Maywood, Ill. The first man ever to penetrate the stratosphere in an airplane, gauging 16 ft. 2 in., less than 150 lbs., "Shorty" Schroeder set a world altitude mark of 38,150 ft. in 1920 (he blacked out, and came to only after the plane had dived over six miles). His pet saying: "There is no place for heroes in flying."



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Never Wave at a WAC [Independent Artists; RKO Radio] suggests that the ladies of the Women's Army Corps, like the Northwest Mounties, always get their man. The heroines of this romantic recruiting poster are a spoiled Washington hostess (Rosalind Russell) and a striptease named Danger O'Dowd (Marie Wilson). Enlistment in the WAC does both of them good. Haughty Rosalind Russell becomes simple and sincere and is reunited with her ex-husband (Paul Douglas). The striptease finds true love with a quartermaster sergeant (Leif Erickson).

Besides romance, *Never Wave at a WAC* offers some wacky comedy. The society girl is assigned as a guinea pig to rigorous tests of arctic uniforms supervised by her ex-husband. The not-too-bright striptease, who wants to be a Mata Hari, finally gets a job as a chauffeur for intelligence.

Because many of the scenes were photographed at the WAC Training Center in Fort Lee, Va., the movie is generally diverting. But at times the proceedings are somewhat less than sprightly, e.g., Textile Expert Douglas commenting patriotically on the striptease's engagement: "It's unions like this that keep our Union in business."

Interesting shot: General Omar Bradley playing himself in a brief sequence.

The Bad and the Beautiful (M-G-M) are a gaudy assortment of film folk in a movie about the movies. There is a ruthless Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas), who is bad; an alcoholic actress (Lana Turner), who is beautiful; a hard-working director (Barry Sullivan) and a Pulitzer Prizewinning author (Dick Powell), who are neither bad nor beautiful.

The picture poses a problem: Will the actress, director and writer forgive the double-crossing producer for picking their brains and help him make a Hollywood comeback? As each of the trio speculates on the past in flashback, he gradually comes to realize that the producer is not entirely a heel; in fact, he is sort of lovable, for is he not responsible for the swimming pools and the Oscars they have accumulated? Inevitably, the fadeout finds them again throwing in their lot with him.

The Bad and the Beautiful is a big, glossily wrapped package that contains a little bit of almost everything: a Hollywood funeral, party and première, a plane crash, a dramatic drunk scene, a seething love scene. The picture presents some standard Hollywood types, e.g., a yes-man (Paul Stewart), a small-time agent (Sammy White), a money-minded tycoon (Walter Pidgeon), a sexy bit-girl (Elaine Stewart). But, though some of the characters may be bad and others beautiful, few are either real or believable. As the actress, Lana Turner looks



MARIE WILSON & ROSALIND RUSSELL
A suggestion from the Mounties.

lushly beautiful. As the author, Dick Powell bases his characterization on tweedy suits and a pipe. The most convincing character in the picture is not a Hollywood type, but a bluffer Southern belle, smartly played by Gloria Grahame.

Androcles and the Lion (Gabriel Pascal; RKO Radio) is the first of George Bernard Shaw's plays to be filmed in Hollywood.^o The result is a melancholy triumph of Hollywood spectacle and

* Previous screen versions of Shaw plays, all filmed in England by Producer Gabriel Pascal: *Promised* (1935); *Major Barbara* (1941); *Cesar and Cleopatra* (1946).



LANA TURNER & KIRK DOUGLAS
A lovable sort of heel.

showmanship over Shavian satire and style.

Written in 1912, *Androcles and the Lion* tells of a mild little Greek tailor (Alan Young) who befriends a wounded lion. Later the lion saves the tailor from Christian martyrdom in the Colosseum. So much of Shaw's gently playful comedy the movie preserves—and only so much. Bypassing the play's philosophy and blunting its rapier wit, the Hollywood version offers instead some gaudy Colosseum sequences, complete with gladiators, lions and glamorous vestal virgins. The picture also elaborates on the romance between the beautiful Christian maiden, Lavinia (Jean Simmons), and the handsome Roman captain (Victor Mature). The acting styles range all the way from the theatricalism of Maurice Evans as a simpering Caesar to Mature's deadpanning. As the lion-taming hero, TV Actor Alan Young appears imbecile rather than amiable. Jean Simmons makes a beguiling Lavinia, while Robert Newton tears ferociously into the role of the Christian warrior, Ferrovius. But this screen adaptation of a Shavian classic succeeds mostly in throwing G.B.S. to the lions.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Moulin Rouge. Director John Huston's exuberant film biography of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' poetic play about a twelve-year-old girl's growing pains, with Julie Harris, Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 20).

Come Back, Little Sheba. William Inge's Broadway hit about two mismatched people, faithfully transferred to the screen; with Burl Lancaster, Shirley Booth (TIME, Dec. 20).

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's warping world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 8).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Ballerina Jeanmaire (TIME, Dec. 1).

Breaking the Sound Barrier. A soaring British film picturing the stresses & strains, mechanical as well as human, of supersonic flight; with Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd (TIME, Nov. 10).

The Promoter. A sprightly, British-made spoof, with Alec Guinness playing a droll fellow who gets ahead in the world through sheer brass (TIME, Oct. 27).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 4).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal (TIME, July 14).

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BOOKS

Himalayan Victory

ANNAUPURNA [316 pp.]—Maurice Herzog—Dutton (\$5).

"How wonderful life would now become! What an inconceivable experience it is to attain one's ideal and, at the very same moment, to fulfill oneself. I was stirred to the depths of my being. Never had I felt happiness like this—so intense and yet so pure."

Had Frenchman Maurice Herzog just discovered a fabulous drug to ease human suffering? Or had the girl of his dreams finally said yes? It was nothing so commonplace as either. Herzog and a companion had just climbed a mountain.

It was no ordinary mountain, no well-worn Mont Blanc. Annapurna, in the Nepalese Himalayas, soars 26,493 ft., and when Herzog and his pal, Louis Lachenal, reached the summit, they had scaled the highest peak ever topped by man. In *Annapurna*, Herzog's story of the expedition in the spring of 1950, the victory becomes a literary anticlimax. What is vastly more exciting than the climb is the return trip, the harrowing ordeal-by-nature calculated to shiver the spirit of the toughest armchair explorer. Author Herzog—an engineer by profession, a mountain climber by religion—is no great shakes as a writer. His account of the trip to Nepal, the organization of the expedition, and the search for a route up the mountain sometimes reads like a boy camper's letter to a chum. It is a tribute to the pure terror of his experiences after victory that his writing then takes on the intensity of his subject.

Taking pictures on the peak, Herzog saw his only pair of gloves go rolling down the slope for good. Almost immediately



Bettmann Archive

THE RETURN FROM ELBA

After sleepless months, a restrained huzzah.

his hands were numb. Hurrying down, the two met a pair of waiting colleagues at the 25,300-ft. level, and it seemed that the worst was over, when Lachenal slipped and fell 300 ft. to the ice below. Miraculously, he broke no bones, but he had suffered a concussion, and all four spent a dreadful, storm-whipped night in tiny tents. Going down the next morning, they lost their way. By then, both Herzog's and Lachenal's feet were frostbitten, and Herzog's hands were useless. That night, still at a maulkilling height of more than 23,000 ft., they slept in a crevasse. The next day an avalanche smashed over them and threw Herzog 500 ft. By the time rescuers got to him, Herzog's hands were strips of flesh, and both he and Lachenal were close to madness.

But their real ordeal was yet to come. Throughout the trip to New Delhi, much of it on cooie back, the expedition doctor kept amputating. Without anesthetics and using large shears, he kept snipping until Lachenal had lost all his toes. Herzog all his toes and fingers. When Climber Herzog is asked: "Was it worth it?" he merely smiles. The last words of his book: "There are other Annapurnas in the lives of men."

A. P. on Nannie

WHY WATERLOO? [352 pp.]—A. P. Herbert—Doubleday (\$4).

"Look," trilled Napoleon's Empress Marie Louise. "I can twitch my ears!" "And so she could," continues Author A. P. Herbert, "without moving a muscle of her face. It was not enough for a long evening, and they gently introduced her to the game of billiards."

Humorist Herbert is a man to whom the ear action of an empress will always be of more concern than her political action. Yet in *Why Waterloo?* he is trying to be Historian Herbert and keep a reasonably

straight face about it; and so he gently and almost apologetically introduces the reader to the game of politics as it was played about Napoleon during his ten months of exile on the Isle of Elba.

King of Elba. The reader, especially if he knows the spry, dry Herbert of *Independent Member* and *Holy Deadlock*, may wonder what in the world possessed him to add his tuppence to the Napoleonic legend. Herbert's explanation runs something like this: "What say? Oh. Well, as it happens, you know, I was just passing Elba one day on a boat when I happened to look up and—ha, ha. One thing leads to another, you see and—hm." The real explanation appears to be that the tough old witsnapper just has a soft spot for the great Frenchman; besides, Historian Herbert, working most of the time in dead earnest, is convinced that all other English historians have too long been in league against the truth.

"Napoleon," roars Herbert, "did not break out" of Elba; he was driven out. "He was driven out, says Herbert, by the allies and the restored Bourbons, who, in violation of their treaty obligations, did not allow Napoleon enough money to keep himself as king of the little Mediterranean island.

Furthermore, says Herbert, the allies most shamefully prevented Napoleon's wife & child from joining him on Elba. They practiced on the wife with a plausible count (one General Neipperg, who played the piano in a way no woman could resist), until she had all but forgotten him.⁶ They ripped the young Napoleon from the nursery he loved, set him among servants he did not like, and made him answer to the name of Francis. Worst of all, the sinister Talleyrand set talk a-going at the Congress of Vienna that



Marcel Ichac

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⁶ After Napoleon's death, Marie Louise married the general.

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José Iturbi plays Mozart's
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Napoleon should be shifted from Elba to the bleak isle of St. Helena, off the west coast of Africa.

Unfit Congressmen. Historian Herbert makes a touching case for poor old (45) Napoleon on Elba—a powerless figure who, for ten months "on his mountain, hardly slept at all, a lonely, miserable, well-meaning, anxious man." Herbert rather conveniently ignores the fact that when Napoleon himself had the power the rest of Europe hardly slept at all. Yet such considerations are inconsiderable when A. P. opens his proper vein and lets the lemon juice flow on the Castlereaghs, Tailevards, Metternichs and other notable Congressmen of Vienna. He is particularly acidulous with the Blimpish British colonel who was supposed to keep an eye on the King of Elba, and was off on an expedition to the Italian baths of Lucca when the great bird flew.

Indeed as Napoleon's little squadron sails northward to France through the British blockade, Herbert can hardly restrain a huzzah. Miraculous! he choruses: "The gods were on Napoleon's side." However, says Herbert, the decision to escape was by no means a pleasant one for Napoleon. The conqueror of Europe, Herbert assures his readers, wanted nothing but to make Elba "an island Athens" and "die peaceful and happy" there. "The charge is not that one man, through wild ambition, would not accept defeat. It is that the many, having no magnanimity, were unfit for victory." The book ends with Napoleon on his way to Waterloo, a battle Herbert clearly considers one of the most unnecessary ever fought.

Galesburg Nostalgia

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS (445 pp.)—Carl Sandburg—Harcourt, Brace (\$5).

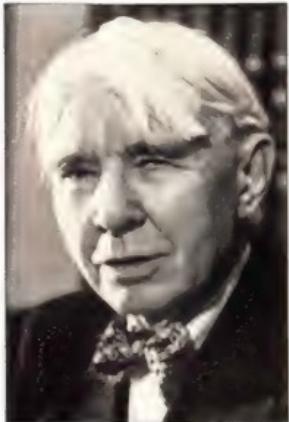
At 10, Carl Sandburg gave up the idea of committing suicide and decided to become a hobo instead. Young fellows can feel pretty morbid at that age, but the juices of life are running pretty powerfully too. So one day in the summer of 1897, in his home town of Galesburg Ill., he accepted his mother's kiss and his father's scowl and hit the road.

In *Always the Young Strangers*, his autobiography, Sandburg, now 75, remembers his departure thus: "I walked out of the house with my hands free, no bag or bundle, wearing a black satin shirt, coat, vest, and pants, a slouch hat, good shoes and socks, no underwear, in my pockets a small bar of soap, a razor, a comb, a pocket mirror, two handkerchiefs, a piece of string, needles and thread, a Waterbury watch, a knife, a pipe and a sack of tobacco, three dollars and twenty-five cents in cash."

Those simple possessions were the outward badge of failure. His schooling had ended in the eighth grade, and a long succession of boring jobs without a future had made him uneasy. Awkward and hashful, he didn't even have a steady girl to cheer him. He loved his Swedish-immigrant parents, but he wanted something

more exciting than his father's life as a railroad laborer, ten hours a day, six days and six dollars a week. Eventually he was to find a life very much to his liking, but at the end of this long book he is back home in Galesburg, his hoboing and the Spanish-American War behind him, and he is still adrift.

Always the Young Strangers is old Poet Sandburg exercising mellow and total recall. He seems to remember every playmate, neighbor and town character of the first 20 years of his life. And he tells about them with an artless lack of point and discrimination that flirts perilously with final boredom. A historian 100 years from now may easily conclude: this is how a Midwestern U.S. town must have looked in the 1880s. But the impression would be only tintype deep, for Author Sandburg has seemingly cared little about looking past the frock coats and working clothes



Robert Phillips

CARL SANDBURG

From home to school to barbershop, for attitudes and feelings. Moving about from home to school to barbershop, he has recalled a pace of life that the U.S. will surely never know again, and the nostalgia he evokes is sometimes as moving as a Sandburg folk song. What is lacking is the elusive human dimension that James Thurber caught (for Columbus, Ohio) in *The Thurber Album*.

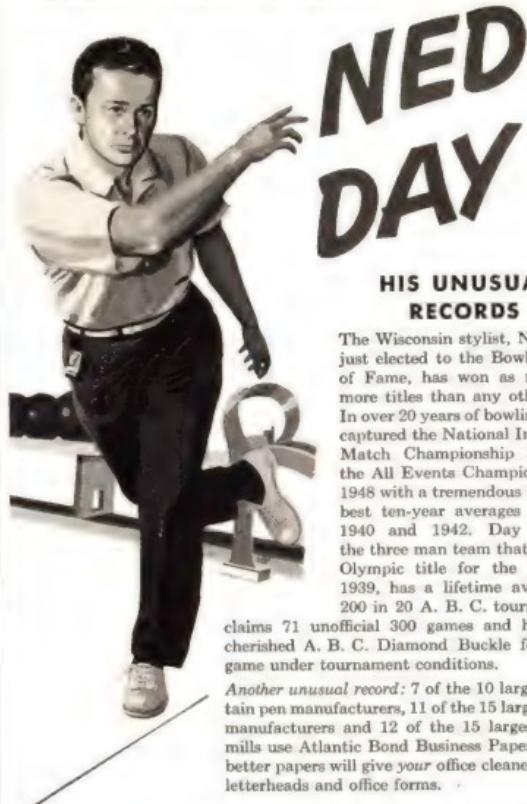
Always the Young Strangers is always in the American grain; it is almost always short on American imagination.

Test of Humanity

THE NAKED ISLAND (286 pp.)—Russell Braddon—Doubleday (\$3.50).

Russell Reading Braddon, an artillery gunner with Australia's 8th Division, spent his 21st birthday with both feet in a grave. It was early 1942, and he had been captured by the Japanese as they slithered through Malaya like lizards, chewing up the paper-thin defenses of

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Britain's "naked island" fortress, Singapore, fell, but Gunner Braddon lived, not to fight but to write another day. The result is a gutty, scalp-raising account of the "war of capitulation" in Southeast Asia, and the best book of its kind since F. Spencer Chapman's *The Jungle Is Neutral* (TIME, Sept. 5, 1949).

Why the Japs didn't finish him off after pistol-whipping him, trussing him up and dangling his feet over the edge of a death ditch, Author Braddon still doesn't know. Instead, his captors yanked him to eight fellow-Aussies, prodded the group with bayonets and jeers of "George Six, number ten! Tojo, number one!" and marched them off to Pudu, a prison camp in Kuala Lumpur. On the way, the sons of the Rising Sun treated Braddon to some grisly samples of the new order. At one point, his guards collared a senile



RUSSELL BRADDON
Both feet in a grave.

old Chinese and lit a match to his hair. As the old man screamed, they handed him a can of scalding water which he poured over himself. While he screeched in agony, they doused his roasted scalp with gasoline, set it on fire and offered him more boiling water. Japanese laughter and excitement died some time after the old man.

Cat Tastes Like Rabbit. Under the sizzling tropic sun on the way to the prison camp at Pudu, the sense of common humanity melted away; a man saved himself. When a sniveling, fear-crazed sergeant begged to be carried, Gunner Braddon refused then watched passively while a Jap guard pumped live bullets into the sergeant's stomach at a foot's range. At Pudu, each meal consisted of a handful of pasty rice sometimes crawling with weevils. Whenever he could get them, Author Braddon ate cats, dogs, snakes, grubs, fungus and leaves. He notes that "snake tastes like gritty chick-

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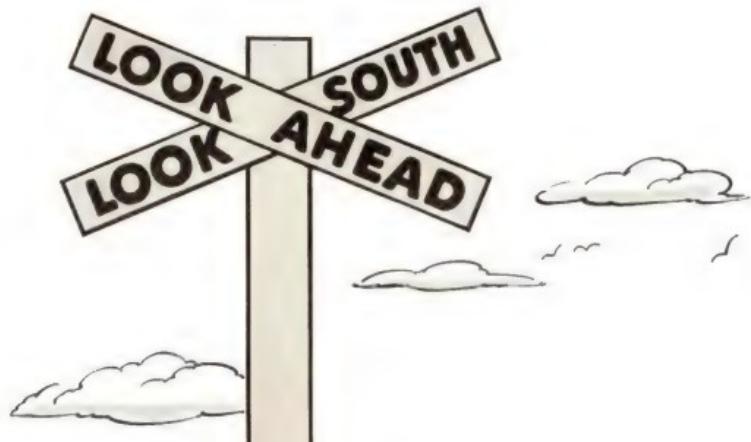
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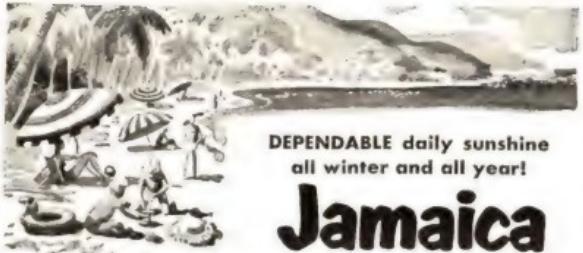
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CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Operated by Leeds & Lopatin Co. for 63 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 5

en mixed with fish; dog tastes like rather coarse beef; cat like rabbit, only better."

The camp had its rare saints, and one was the Anglican padre, Noel Duckworth. Putting on a winning smile, he would call to some brutish guard: "Come here, you charming little lump of garbage, and buy this perfectly worthless pen." The proceeds always went for food for all prisoners. Day in & day out, the padre conducted an average of three funerals as the men died of dysentery, beriberi, malaria and simple starvation.

Water for an I.O.U. Author Braddon lived to know new horrors which made those of Pudu fade away like old insect bites. He was marched to Thailand and assigned to the work gang building a Bangkok-to-Rangoon railroad. "Down there is much malaria—tomorrow you will be dead," said his guards mockingly. Countless Britshers and an estimated 130,000 Malay natives learned that the Japs were telling close to the brutal truth. Every crosstie under 400 miles of track was paid for with a human life, though, thanks to R.A.F. bombers, no train ever completed a trip. Author Braddon shivered to 81 lbs., collapsed with fever, and had to buy water from a fellow Aussie who made him sign I.O.U.s that finally totaled £112. The care of other less mercenary prisoners saved his life.

Gaunt and broken at war's end, Braddon nonetheless hiked 17 miles to see Lord Louis Mountbatten accept General Itagaki's sword in surrender. The old sense of common humanity came back strong: Author Braddon was certain that "the war had at least taught me to like my fellow men." But back in Sydney a little later, he was not so sure. One of the first letters he received was a demand for the £112. He offered to hand over a check for every penny if the act of payment might be photographed by the press. "I thought that as a tale of comradeship in arms it would read well in the dailies. Surprisingly, I received no answer."

RECENT & READABLE

Michelangelo, by Giovanni Papini. A new biography of the great Florentine; vigorous, often argumentative, almost always absorbing (*TIME*, Dec. 22).

The Complete Poems and Plays, by T. S. Eliot. The 61 poems and three verse plays that have earned their author the right to be known as the most influential poet of his day (*TIME*, Dec. 22).

The Last Resorts, by Cleveland Amory. An agreeably lighthearted historian applies a social stethoscope to Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Palm Beach and other aging resorts of the rich (*TIME*, Nov. 17).

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero; the first volume of a trilogy (*TIME*, Oct. 27).

Prisoner of Grace, by Joyce Cary. The story of Nina Nimmro and her life-time bargain with two men: a new novel by one of the liveliest writers alive (*TIME*, Oct. 20).

A Rebirth of American Pride

There is a new stirring in America today. Our nation—a nation of Democrats as well as Republicans, of labor as well as capital, of dreamers as well as plodders—is inevitably going to prove something unusual during this year.

We are witnessing today the spectacle of a tremendous nation turning itself inside out politically at the precise historical moment when the peril has probably never been greater.

That is the kind of risk that no nation insecure in the tradition of democracy can afford.

That is the kind of risk that fills us with pride rather than fear.

That is the kind of risk that nukes gibberish out of enemy reports about us and confounds the prophets of doom.

The stirring in America can be and will be described by many people in many different ways over the coming months. But maybe the simplest way to describe it is to say that there is a rebirth of American pride. The pride may not be shared by all but certainly it is to be found at all levels of our society.

Pride reborn

This pride is born of a feeling that the indecision, the aimlessness, and sometimes the shame, is over, and that we have recovered a firmer

sense of direction in our national life.

It is the difference between being "against" something and being "for" something. It is the difference between frustration and confidence abroad, between cynicism and achievement at home.

Executives in the Cabinet

Twenty-three years ago next month, Volume I, Number I of *FORTUNE* appeared. Think back on what has happened to U.S. business and to the U.S. businessman since then.

To some the memory will be painful. And yet through doghouse, or war, or inflation, there will have run a continuous thread. The thread is a *functioning America*, without which we could not have emerged from the depression, without which we could not have won World War II, without which we could not have blasted the central Kremlin calculation of a postwar U.S. collapse.

Today, something new has been added. That is the inclusion of big businessmen in the high councils of the government.

This fact must not be considered a sop to a segment of the U.S. that has been "out" for twenty years. The President-elect is a Republican

but he is not a businessman. However, he believes that business has an important contribution to make to government.

If what businessmen have been saying for the last twenty years has any validity, now is the time to prove it. We have been given our chance.

And our chance is not just to make money.

On the spot

Our chance includes a solution in Korea. Our chance includes winning the cold war. Our chance includes winning World War III without having to fight it. Our chance includes progressively solving the social problems in this country. Our chance includes setting such an example, and setting up such a center of magnetism to the whole world, that the conquered segments of the Russian Soviet Empire will begin to be drawn off in such a way that disintegration will set in. Our chance includes a dynamic direction of our diplomacy, our trade, and our defense policies toward the single end of a world of peace and opportunity.

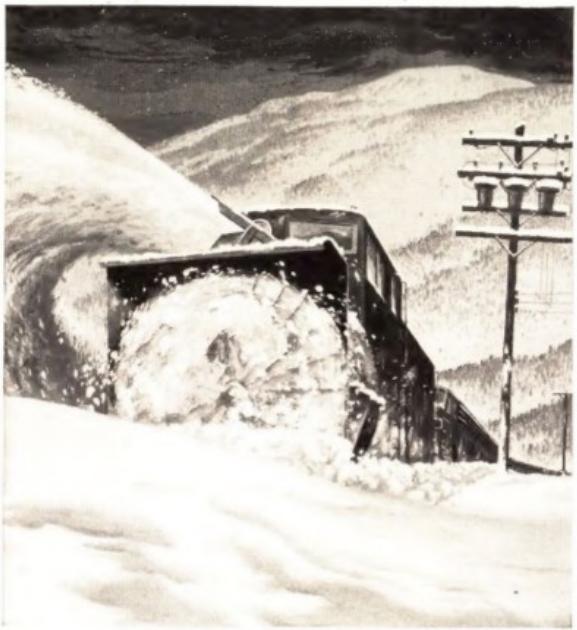
So, take all the satisfaction you will from the presence of prominent businessmen in the new Cabinet of the Eisenhower administration. But don't let that satisfaction include the feeling that you have shifted your responsibility to them. They will not act for you—they will represent you as well as all citizens. And what you think, and what you do, in the next twelve months will either give confusion to their minds, or strength to their arms.

C. D. JACKSON, PUBLISHER OF *FORTUNE*



Reprinted from Fortune, January, 1953

When the Going Gets Tough!



When winter winds come roaring out of the north, they frequently bring a lot of snow—and a lot of trouble, too.

But the railroads are old hands at fighting weather—ready with the equipment and man power it takes to battle emergencies.

When big storms come, extra crews are put to work. Chemicals are spread and heaters used to keep switches from freezing. Steel-winged plows pushed by powerful locomotives fight to keep tracks clear. The whirling blades of huge rotaries chew their way through the bigger drifts.

Although other forms of transportation contend with the effects of severe winter storms, there is *this big difference*: The railroads use their own men, equipment and money to "keep 'em rolling" when the weather gets tough. Your local, state and federal tax money is never used to keep vital rail service running.

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MISCELLANY

Strictly Private. In Manhattan, self-styled Private Detective Emil Laguardia (no kin to the late Fiorello) hired himself out to protect a payroll messenger, was later charged by police with stealing the payroll.

Once Removed. In Detroit, Mrs. Stella Mrozowski filed suit against a local doctor, complained that when she went to the hospital to have an injured hand treated, she was whisked into the operating room where he removed her gall bladder.

Reader Saturation. In Norwood, Ohio, when a newspaper's Addressograph machine plate got stuck, Gus Merland received five mail bags (2,000 copies) of the *Ohio Tavern News*.

The Last Word. In Cincinnati, after a domestic quarrel, William Welsh drove his auto on to a railroad track, parked it, got out and watched as a train smashed it to bits, then muttered: "That's the last time my wife will ever ask me to drive her to work."

Road Test. In Fitchburg, Mass., police announced that people suspected of drunken driving would be hauled forthwith into headquarters, required to say: "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran."

Conversation Piece. In Sunderland, England, after Mrs. Mary Scott hit a male friend over the head with a claw hammer while having a few drinks in a hotel, she explained to the court where she got her weapon: "I had it in my hand all the time . . . I always carry it in case of emergencies."

Before the Facts. In Sunbury, England, the town council warned that in the town's beauty-queen contest next June, "entrants will be disqualified if they wear false aids calculated to mislead the judges."

Neither Snow, nor Rain . . . In Adrian, Mich., a postcard was successfully delivered with the following address: "Mr. Ezra Nathan Daniels and his wife Ellen, who used to be Frank Taub's daughter from over by Deerfield and then moved up by Stamm's gravel pit on Uncle Hal's farm. The name is still on the barn and they have some puppies to give away. They belonged to the boys Phillip, age 10; Gary, 2, and little Dawn who isn't so very old. If Ezra isn't around there, just put the card in the mailbox. He is probably playing around with that cussed chain saw."

Old Refrain. In Jackson, Miss., the state supreme court upheld the three-year prison sentence of Huddie Hall, convicted of the dance-hall shooting of a man who persisted in playing *The Tennessee Waltz* on the jukebox.

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